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The Week

THE threatened strike of coal miners was averted at the last moment, during the week ending April 6, by an agreement between the operators and the miners' union which did not change hours but granted a wage increase. Shortly thereafter the Senate passed the revised Guffey bill for regulation of the coal industry, the first one having been thrown out by the Supreme Court. . . . The campaign against sit-down strikes took the form of an amendment to the Guffey bill declaring them outlawed, which the Senate defeated before passing the bill. Other action by Congress against the new tactic was threatened, however. Senator Byrnes made the queer argument that unless Congress did something about it, the sit-down would become legalized by usage, just as walkout strikes and picketing have been. . . . Sit-downs in General Motors plants and in a Ford unit in Kansas City were quickly ended by adjustment. Unionization of Ford is reputed to be next on the program of the United Automobile Workers, but they probably are not yet ready to strike. . . . Chrysler negotiations hung fire, apparently on the brink of settlement. Since the coal agreement released the attention of John L. Lewis for further negotiation, progress was looked for. . . . The President announced that on account of the rapid rise of prices in heavy industries, government funds would be diverted from PWA to expenditures resulting in demand for consumers' goods. . . . The Federal Reserve Board announced that it would buy government bonds to loosen credit and support the sagging bond market. This seems to run counter to the anti-inflation movement. . . . Lord Tweedsmuir, Governor General of Canada, visited the United States to increase the cordiality of our relations with our northern neighbor.

DISPATCHES from abroad reported increased optimism that a general war would be avoided in the next few months, but the grounds of this optimism appeared rather shaky. . . . The Spanish government continued to win military successes to the northeast, north and south of Madrid, but Franco's drive against Bilbao developed without decisive check. . . . On the eve of the imposition of the blockade to enforce non-intervention, Italy again threatened to withdraw from the agreement, charging that aid to the Spanish government had come from France in a number of specific ways. Perhaps, however, this charge was merely to cover a recent violation of the agreement reported on the part of Italy herself. . . . The Little Entente met and renewed its pledges; but the displeasure of Czechoslovakia over the conclusion of the pact between Jugoslavia and Italy was not concealed. Her objections were (1) that the allies were not consulted about the final step, and (2) that the treaty makes no mention of the League of Nations or collective security. . . . The newly developed moderation of Japan toward China was challenged when the Diet was suddenly dissolved at the demand of the army. It remains to be seen how the new elections will go. . . . The British government in India continued its attempt to operate the new constitution without the coöperation of

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the Nationalists, who had won the elections in most of the provinces. . . . A commission consisting of prominent American liberals and Trotskyists went to Mexico to hear Trotsky's testimony on the charge of conspiring against the Soviet government.

NO MORE dramatic reversal of fortune in the Spanish civil war has occurred than the military successes of the government in the past few weeks. Before that, many observers believed that Franco would before long be victorious at least in a temporary military sense; it was charged, for instance, that the British government was reconciled to the enforcement of a strict non-interventionist policy on the ground that the rebels at last had sufficient resources to win promptly. The rebel offensive on the Guadalajara front, however, was turned into a complete rout; loyalists gained a success almost as great in the south during a drive to protect important mines and recapture Cordoba; still another offensive was threatening Burgos, the rebel capital. Reports, apparently trustworthy, told of loss of morale, jealousies and mutinies in the rebel ranks. It became apparent that the government had achieved clear superiority in the air, and was well armed with effective tanks and machine guns. Instead of predicting a quick victory for Franco, observers began to forecast his complete rout. A rebel drive against Bilbao in the northern Basque country, however, indicated that these forecasts might be as mistaken as were the former ones. It must be remembered that the closer one comes to the technique of modern warfare, the greater the risks of the army that takes the offensive. Continual attacks wear out the men and material of the aggressor; the great successes are usually achieved—as on the Guadalajara front—by counter-offensives against an attacking force that has worn itself out and has exposed its flanks. Without decisive superiority of numbers and equipment on one side, modern war tends toward stalemate.

EVERYONE in the world who can read newspapers and is given an opportunity to read honest ones knows that the German and Italian governments have sent troops to Spain and that these troops have participated in hostilities there. The question whether these governments are actually at war, in a legal sense, is a somewhat more complicated one. Light is thrown on this question by a student of international law, writing recently in the columns of The New Statesman and Nation. He points out that public law has for many decades held that a state of war can exist, bringing with it all the customary legal obligations upon neutral powers, even though one, both or all belligerents refuse to make a formal declaration. The question is not merely whether acts of war are committed; international law has held that the joint action of the powers in China in 1900 did not constitute war since it was for a limited and specified objective. The German and Italian troops in Spain, however, are not fighting in reprisal for some previous act of the Spanish government, or to enforce specific demands, but to overthrow the government. In the opinion of this authority such action, beyond doubt, constitutes war. Germany and Italy therefore cannot legally sit on the Neutrality Committee in London, and should immediately be held to have violated the League Covenant and the Pact of Paris. The British government is also legally required to consult the Dominions at once, since "any question of peace or war must involve the Empire as a unit."

IN AN effort to stem the tide toward speculative inflation, President Roosevelt announced the other day that the government would decrease its spending on construction and other projects which make demands on industries producing capital or durable goods, and use the money rather in ways that would stimulate the industries making consumers' goods. The heavy industries are booming; demand is pressing hard on supply; experience shows that if this boom shoots up too rapidly and too far, a reaction usually follows within a year or two. Critics of this policy object that the capital-goods industries, if measured by physical output, have not yet come as close to the 1929 level as those making consumers' goods. It is true that they are rising rapidly and have come far, but they were more depressed and have farther to rise. As a matter of fact, they ought to produce much more than ever before, if the slack in growth of capital equipment and of building which accumulated during the depression is to be made up. All this is true, but it is also true that the prices of the goods produced by heavy industry are rising too fast and too far. If this price rise continues, it will in the end restrict the output that we ought to have. The government should not encourage the rise by adding to the demand any more than it has to do. Of course what really ought to happen is an increase of production without rising prices. Unfortunately, however, that is not the way capitalism works.

NOBODY should be surprised or unduly alarmed by the small epidemic of sit-down strikes that has spread in General Motors plants since the signing of the main agreement. They have all been called off after the intervention of union leaders. The fact that they happened to be carried on by the sit-down method does not differentiate them from the temporary and local stoppages that have often occurred in other industries soon after an organizing strike. Neither local managers nor local union leaders are habituated to collective-bargaining methods or have been trained by experience to use them skillfully. The agreement still has to be interpreted and applied in detail; accepted precedents have not been established. Deadlocks occur, which are likely to be interpreted as violations of the agreement. In these circumstances, one does not have to invoke the explanation that Red agitators are at work. The function of the central authorities, both of the union and

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of the employers, is to end the trouble by settling these minor disputes. Discipline and responsibility are needed on both sides; under industrial democratic constitutionalism they are a matter of growth and experience. It is scarcely logical when an employer points to these minor frictions as a proof of organized labor's irresponsibility, and uses them as an excuse for refusal to accept his own major responsibility to set up the industrial government represented by a union contract.

IT ARGUES a strange lack of coördination in governmental activities that the excellent campaign against venereal diseases sponsored by Surgeon General Parran should be crippled by a WPA ruling. In New York City the sixty doctors who are engaged in this medical service, as well as a large staff of nurses and social-service workers, have been remunerated out of WPA funds. WPA has recently ruled that not more than five percent of the payroll in any project can go to non-relief jobs, and these doctors and other workers are considered not to be eligible for relief. Yet many of them really need the money, and in any case can hardly be expected to do the work on a charity basis. If the job is to be well done, the number working at it should be substantially enlarged instead of being cut. Doubtless the same situation exists in many other cities. The case illustrates again the anomalies and inefficiencies caused by trying to unite a relief program with useful governmental activities that should be carried on in any case. Why are there not sufficient regular appropriations, either from federal or from local governments, to finance this essential campaign? Until the campaign can be put on a more solid basis, a revision of the WPA ruling would seem no more than sensible.

MR. Walter Lippmann in his syndicated column for March 30 discusses the article by Dean Leon Green in our issue of March 24, "The Case for the Sit-down Strike." Says Mr. Lippmann: "It should be understood at the outset that Mr. Green does not undertake to defend any and all sit-down strikes. The New Republic advertised his article loudly as if he did, but in that it was merely indulging in a little yellow journalism at the expense of Professor Green's reputation." As a matter of fact, The New Republic did not advertise Dean Green's article anywhere, in any form. Mr. Lippmann may be referring to a change in the title for the purpose of the cover, where it was called "The Sit-Down Is Legal." Any of our readers can decide for himself whether this was an unfair title, given the exigencies of a line of type that could be only twenty-three letters and spaces in length. From his context, Mr. Lippmann apparently wanted the title to read "The Sit-Down Is Legal When Used Against an Employer Who Refuses to Negotiate and Until the Instant That Negotiations Begin." Readers of Dean Green's article will understand that Mr. Lippmann has himself misrepresented Dean Green's position.

The War Reconsidered

ON THE twentieth anniversary of American entrance into the World War, the people of the United States are almost unanimous in their desire to stay out of another. They feel it was a mistake to participate in the former one. The Institute of Public Opinion in one of its sampling votes finds that 70 percent so register their judgment. Whatever the true percentage, anyone can verify the broad fact by personal conversation. Yet few observers believe that there is no danger of our fighting again simply because people feel this way.

Why is it that those who in their moments of calm judgment detest war actually consent to it when the crisis arrives? There are numerous theories. The simplest of them attributes the blame to personal devils. Scheming munitions makers or international bankers, statesmen who use propaganda to arouse hatred, sensational journals seeking profit from circulation, are all charged with guilt. More sophisticated is the theory that attributes responsibility to an economic or social system that breeds the conditions of war by furthering international competition for markets, natural resources or openings for investments. These things are all relevant, but neither they nor other similar explanations supply a complete answer. They cause international disputes, but they do not seem in themselves sufficient to necessitate the attempt to settle these disputes by force of arms. Every informed person knows that nothing material can be gained by war which is not overbalanced by the calamity of war itself: Why, then, are not all the controversies inherent in our system adjusted by compromise or some form of judicial process?

The very reasonableness of this attitude indicates a subtle danger. *We* do not want to fight. *We* are prepared to settle everything peaceably. *We* are rational, kindly human beings. But others are not so. We must be prepared to resist aggression on the part of someone else. Anyone who pushes us too far is, by contrast with us, unreasonable, inhuman, deserving of the worst that can happen to him. He is the one who wills the war. We must therefore fight him because of our very peacefulness. Not until the world is rid of such monsters can well intentioned people be happy. There is not a country in the world, not even Germany or Italy, in which feelings like these do not influence a majority of the population when war becomes a serious prospect. The people who frankly like war and conquest for their own sake are everywhere in a minority; most of those who are brought to support war are motivated by resentment against the wickedness of outsiders. Hitler is preserving the German race against Bolshevism and Jews, against the grasping imperialists who won the last war. Mussolini is giving the Italians a right to hold their heads up in a world largely owned by Britain, France and Russia, nations which are the cause of Italy's weak-

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ness. Such arguments sound like propaganda to outsiders, but their appeal is genuine enough to Germans and Italians.

The fact is that almost all of us have within ourselves an unfortunate capacity—perhaps even a need—to hate and destroy. We don't like to admit it; it does not comport with our ideas of what we are and of what we ought to be. If we look about us we can see that it is true of many of our friends and acquaintances. But we resent the suggestion that anything of the sort is true of us. Therefore we pretend that it is not true by attributing to someone else the wicked qualities which we reject in ourselves. Having done this, we can hate and destroy to our hearts' content without feeling guilty about it.

That this may be true, not merely of Germans and Italians but also of Americans, is illustrated by the way we got into the last war. We were a pacifistically inclined people, who did not want to fight. We were led into the war on the basis of these very good intentions. The Germans were wicked, aggressive militarists who made peace impossible. Or if not the German people, at least the Kaiser and his generals. It was necessary to destroy this disturbing force in the world. As lovers of peace, therefore, we went out to war, a war to end war and to make the world safe for democracy. In the process we expressed as much hate and fury as the most cruel of primitive savages. The propaganda that described war atrocities to increase hatred was not all false, and some of it was doubtless true of those who fought on our side. Certainly those who stayed at home were bloodthirsty enough. Subsequent historical research, as well as the results achieved, has proved that we were acting on the basis of an illusion. Of course neither the Kaiser nor the German people were guiltless, but they were hardly more guilty than their opponents, and defeating them neither ended war nor made the world safe for democracy. The unfortunate disorders of society and of individuals remained.

We can see now that this was true last time; shall we be able to see it when the next war crisis arrives? Shall we be wary enough about attaching our concealed resentment to some new alien enemy? The greatest danger here is not that we may be misled by fire-eating militarists or profiteering munitions makers. It is that we shall be deceived by people who are absolutely sure of their good intentions, by people who are so strongly in favor of peace and of a peaceful world that they are willing to kill and die for it. Nothing seems more likely at the moment, from the nature of the present international line-up, than that if we go to war in the near future we shall do so again to preserve democracy and to end war. That is the real danger, and the more strongly we believe in our own pacifistic good intentions, the greater the danger is. Fighters for peace don't make war, but when war comes they may lead us into it.

It would be a mistake to infer from this analysis that there are not real, objective dangers in the world, and that people may not sometimes have to fight in self-defense. Some persons are far more dangerous than others, as we may learn from our own murderers and insane. Such individuals have to be either cured or locked up, and we must walk warily in their presence. Nations which fall under the spell of paranoid leaders like Hitler and Mussolini are dangers to world peace; if they attack, those whom they attack must resist. The tragedy is, however, that armed resistance will not cure the evil; it will not prevent the same thing from happening all over again at some future time.

This does not mean that man must eternally be at the mercy of his primitive impulses, that there is no hope for a true civilization. It is possible to remove or adjust both the psychological and social causes of war. People all over the world may some time become aware of the dangers lurking in their own hidden hatreds and so be able to avoid being misled, as the Germans and Italians have now been, concerning the true situation. This is not a goal which can quickly be achieved, however, simply by taking thought. In such developments the individual is largely molded by his social environment, just as that is in turn affected by what individuals do. In this realm of interaction between individual and society we may be able to make progress, not only in modifying conscious attitudes, but also in diminishing the root sources of hatred itself. A better emotional environment for children and better training could do much. So would a social order in which not so many as at present were thwarted and frustrated in later life. Success in such an endeavor can hardly be achieved within a brief period. In the meantime, it is essential to do our utmost to prevent as many people as possible from being drawn into the wars which can only obstruct and delay the achievement of a genuinely good society.

Labor Laws— British and American

ALL OVER this country, propaganda is now in operation for restrictive laws against labor. It comes, generally speaking, from the same sources that have always opposed trade unionism and collective bargaining, but naturally, it changes its protective coloration to suit the mood of the moment.

Today we are being told that the CIO is preparing a labor dictatorship, or that it is smoothing the path for fascism or that the sit-down strike is an illegal and arbitrary weapon that no community can tolerate. Those who put forward these complaints insist, as always, that they are true friends of the worker, and indeed his only friends. In the best interest of labor itself, they suggest a few modest remedies. They want unions to be incorporated, under the impression that thereby they could more easily be sued for damages, their books kept open for public inspection and, if necessary, their funds

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impounded "in the public interest." (These "friends of labor" of course never make similar suggestions regarding the books and funds of employers.) They also ask for compulsory arbitration of disputes, on the best German-Italian model. Finally, they demand that American labor be restricted along the lines of the British Trade Disputes and Trade Unions Act of 1927. While they are a little vague about the details, they seem quite sure that in Great Britain unions are incorporated, arbitration is compulsory and, as a result, the workers are kept down in a highly satisfactory way.

There is good reason for the vagueness of the comparison with British conditions, which is that the assumptions on which it is based are entirely false. British labor is not required to be incorporated. The books of its unions are not open to the public unless the members of any given union desire that they shall be, though they must be open to the members, and the government must be provided with certain statistics which are later published. There is no compulsory arbitration of disputes. The only condition under which a strike is illegal is when it is not in furtherance of a dispute in the industry in which the strikers are engaged *and* is intended to coerce the government, either directly, or indirectly through causing grave distress to the public as a whole. So far as we can learn, no strike has ever been declared illegal during the ten years that the Act has been in force. It has been argued that a general strike would be illegal under the law but there has of course been no occasion to test this.

Most of the Americans who have developed this sudden passion for what they imagine to be the British system assume that the Act of 1927 was the beginning of British trade-union legislation, but this is not true. The fundamental act was written in 1871, and was more advanced in some ways, even sixty-six years ago, than any American legislation of today. It provided for the voluntary, not the compulsory, registration of trade unions with the Registrar of Friendly Societies. While such registration puts certain restrictions on trade unions, it also gives them certain advantages. The Act also relieved all trade unions, whether registered or not, from most of the old penalties which made it possible to bring action against union members for criminal conspiracy on the ground of restraint of trade. All important British unions have accepted registration.

At the turn of the century came the famous Taff Vale case, roughly comparable to the equally famous Danbury Hatters affair in the United States, in which an attempt was made to destroy a union by obtaining in court tremendous damages and a permanent injunction because of trade-union activity. In the year 1906, a trade-disputes act was written protecting union funds from raids of this sort. In 1908, the Osborne judgment outlawed political activities by unions, and in 1913, the fundamental law was again amended, specifically restoring this right, making political activity legal provided certain regulations were complied with.

Following the general strike of 1926 came the Act now viewed so affectionately by the American industrial tories. This Act, passed while public opinion was still excited by the general strike, was bitterly opposed by labor, and there is no doubt that any future Labor government with a parliamentary majority would repeal it. At the same time, the backward step it involved was smaller than its friends over here seem to imagine. Sympathetic strikes are forbidden only under the conditions outlined above. Government employees are prohibited from joining any trade union except one composed of their fellow employees. Political funds must be kept separate from other union funds. Trade-union officials are held responsible for illegal acts of members, even though such acts are committed without their knowledge and consent. Union members who refuse to participate in illegal strikes and are for that reason expelled from their unions can sue for damages. The Attorney General can apply to court for an order preventing a trade union from spending money in order to support a strike that may be considered illegal.

The Trade Disputes Act does not cover the question of arbitrating industrial disputes, and as we have already indicated, the American anti-union spokesmen are wrong in their belief that there is compulsory arbitration. There is, however, much better and more far-reaching machinery for voluntary arbitration than exists in the United States. In most industries there are standing committees, representing employers and workers, for the settlement of disputes. Higher than these in certain industries are "industrial courts" or "trade boards" to which appeals can be taken. Britain also has the device of Royal Commissions, which can and sometimes do make exhaustive inquiry into conditions throughout any given industry when the necessity for such action becomes apparent. These commissions have the power to compel witnesses to appear and give testimony. Because of their elaborate and slow-moving machinery, they are not used under emergency conditions when a strike has been called or is imminent.

Even with the modifications in the basic law that were made in 1927, the position of British trade unions, legally and in the eyes of national public opinion, is beyond doubt far superior to that of American unions. The right of workers to organize and bargain collectively is recognized and has been for more than half a century; it will probably be another ten years before American opinion as a whole has progressed as far as the British position in 1871.

Trade unions are an integral part of the British social machinery. They are the normal means by which disputes are prevented or settled and they are invariably consulted by the government in times of industrial tension. Their leaders are the spokesmen and advocates of the whole body of workers in actions taken through industrial courts. We do not suggest for an instant that British labor conditions

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are ideal, or that there are not workers who are living in great poverty and laboring for excessively long hours and in other undesirable circumstances. It remains true, however, that the comparative freedom of our British cousins from the sort of industrial dispute by which the United States is racked is for a reason opposite to the one our economic royalists set forth. It is because British industrialists long ago accepted the principles of collective bargaining to which many of their American counterparts are still so ferociously opposed.

The Puerto Rican Problem

PUERTO RICO is in the headlines again. The clash between police and Nationalists a few weeks ago resulted in the wounding of scores of persons and the deaths of a number variously estimated from seven to twenty. Several other "incidents" in the past year or two have also had fatal results, and there is every indication that more of them will be seen in the future, since from every standpoint, Puerto Rican conditions are growing worse.

Puerto Rico's overwhelming problem is poverty, accentuated by tremendous and rapidly increasing population. The American government is spending vast sums for relief, while at the same time it does little or nothing to remedy the conditions which make relief necessary and for which it is partly responsible. The Nationalists demand complete independence from the United States and there is, beyond doubt, a growing sympathy with their movement among the Islanders, not merely, or perhaps even primarily, because independence looks so attractive, but because their own economic future under the American government looks so dark.

Absentee landlordism is an important factor in Puerto Rico's present misery. The sugar industry, for example, is largely owned in the United States, with four big American corporations owning about one-half the sugar land. Annual profits of about $4,000,000 are drained off in the form of dividends to stockholders on the mainland. This is true of Puerto Rican economic activity in general. American manufacturers refuse to permit native competition to come into existence, cutting prices temporarily and mercilessly, when necessary, to prevent this. Puerto Rico is forced to ship its freight in American vessels, at the high rates of our protected coastwise trade. The Islanders are required to pay exorbitant tariff duties on their own necessary imports. Farm land is heavily mortgaged, and is steadily passing out of the hands of the small peasant proprietors. The bonded indebtedness of the Island government and its political subdivisions is tremendous. The Catholic Church has been able to stop most of the efforts to introduce birth-control doctrines, so that the population, already about twice as large as it should be, is increasing at an appalling rate.

The leader of the Nationalists is Pedro Albizu Campos, Harvard graduate and a man of brilliant abilities. He and seven other persons are now serving ten-year sentences for conspiracy to incite rebellion. The trials took place and the sentences were passed in a federal court in San Juan, Puerto Rico. They have been affirmed by the United States Court of Appeals in Boston, and a further appeal to the United States Supreme Court is now in order. The Nationalists have only slender financial resources; many American liberals have contributed to the defense fund on the principle of supporting civil liberties, and the demonstration which resulted in the latest group of deaths was partly for the purpose of raising funds for the final appeal. (The parade on which the police fired had been forbidden by the Insular Chief of Police but permitted by the Mayor of Ponce, who finally revoked the permit, but not until the paraders were already assembled.) How many Puerto Ricans support the Nationalists is a matter of dispute. The party polled 5,000 votes in 1932, and boycotted the election in 1936. There is no doubt that, as we have suggested, large numbers of the Puerto Ricans would welcome independence, both for its own sake and because of the desperate economic plight to which they have been brought as a territory of the United States.

Despite the staggering sums spent during the Roosevelt administration for relief of various types, we have been singularly unsuccessful in giving the Puerto Ricans any genuine sense of unity with ourselves. The pending proposal to conduct the Island schools in English rather than Spanish has raised a storm of protest. As things are now going, we seem in some danger of developing conditions like those in Ireland before the Free State, with increasing armed resistance directed partly against "Yankee imperialism" and partly against the morass of poverty. What these conditions can do to Mr. Roosevelt's "Good Neighbor" policy it is easy to guess. Certainly, there is no point in going on with the expenditure of enormous sums for relief while we also continue the economic policies that make Puerto Rico's poverty ever deeper.

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Czechoslovakia: Another Spain?

FOR SEVERAL months the Nazi propaganda machine has been waging an increasingly violent campaign against the Republic of Czechoslovakia. Some of the more lurid specimens of Hitler's propaganda are published in a half-dozen languages; all have the common aim of arousing in other countries ill will toward the Czechs. Inasmuch as the "coördinated" German press is subject to the strictest discipline, observers know that this propaganda offensive against Czechoslovakia is part of Berlin's foreign policy. It is the growing fear in the capitals of Europe that this campaign heralds a Nazi *Putsch* in Bohemia. Hitler has completed his program of tearing the Versailles Treaty to shreds; now he is ready to start his expansion drive across one of the "bleeding frontiers" of the Third Reich.

While von Ribbentrop is cajoling the British Tories, Hitler's agents are working furiously to align the foreign policies of the Balkan and Danubian states with the ambitions of the Drang nach Osten. The Austro-German pact of last July; the Nazi pressure against Danzig; the Italo-German rapprochement; Titulescu's fall in Rumania; and most important of all, the German-Japanese pact—these are some of Hitler's preparations for conquest.

As an example of Nazi propaganda methods, on June 24 the Neue Preussische Kreuzzeitung and other German papers spread the report that schools for the training of Communist agitators had been established in Czechoslovakia. Prague was depicted as the base of Comintern activities. The Völkischer Beobachter, Hitler's own newspaper, stated on September 12 that "many officers of the Russian General Staff at present are reviewing the Austrian frontier near Wolfstal, accompanied by the Czechoslovak General Luza."

The purpose behind these sensational charges is obvious. Such propaganda is the motivating power of the anti-Communist alliance of fascist states. It receives a welcome in Lisbon, Burgos, Rome, Budapest and Tokyo, in extreme Rightist circles in France and in a section of the Conservative Party in England. In London, Mr. J. L. Garvin writes in his Observer about the "suicidal statecraft of Dr. Benes" and charges that Prague has become the "door-opener for Moscow." Thus western European publicists aid the Nazi drive against the Czechs.

On September 10 Herr Dr. Göbbels thundered melodramatic charges that Soviet airports are scattered along the length of Czechoslovakia, housing an army of Red aviators and an armada of bombing planes prepared to shower death and destruction on peaceful German cities. Just sixteen days prior to these fulminations I had a long private talk with President Benes in his chambers in the Hrad. "You have the word of the President of the Czechoslovak Republic," he told me, "that there is not one Soviet aviator on our soil. Our mutual-assistance pact with the Soviet Union is a defensive treaty which can operate only in case there is an attack by a third power on one of the signatories. We Czechoslovaks shall never attack anyone; we ask nothing of others; we shall never be an instrument of aggression, and we shall not put a hand on property that is not ours. I invite you to go anywhere in our country and see for yourself that we have no foreign troops on our territory."

No one in Europe knows better than the German army chiefs that there are no Russian soldiers in Czechoslovakia. But the claim that the Czechs are bringing communism into Central Europe is the Nazi propagandists' most effective argument.

Hitler's most obvious preparation for conquest was his anti-Communist accord with Japan, signed in Berlin last November. This treaty pledges both signatories to "take severe measures against those who at home or abroad are engaged directly or indirectly in the service of the Communist International or promote its subversive activities." By that phrase "at home or abroad" Hitler is prepared to intervene anywhere at any time. And he has the promise of Japanese support when he does so.

A large proportion of the Teutonic minority in Czechoslovakia is concentrated along the frontier of Germany. Nazi agents pass back and forth between the Reich and the German communities of Bohemia, propaganda pours across the border and powerful radio stations in Saxony broadcast their "news reports" daily to Teutonic listeners in Czechoslovakia. A formidable organization with National Socialist policies has been created in Bohemia. Konrad Henlein, a former gymnastic instructor, is the Führer of this Sudetendeutsche Partei. He boldly proclaims that his followers are "proud to fulfill the grave task of being *advance guards* of the great German people." He goes to Berlin, consults Hitler, builds a state within a state, and makes plain his role as tool of the German Nazis. Furthermore, the Reich flouts international law by making two Czechoslovak citizens members of the Reichstag.

Observers fear that whenever Hitler finds the international situation favorable, he will issue an order to Henlein, the "General Franco of Bohemia," to start an armed conflict against "Bolshevism." By the terms of the German-Japanese accord, the Reich would be obligated to intervene in behalf of Henlein to put down the "Communist revolution" in a neighboring state. It would be a deliberate act of war against Czechoslovakia in the guise of a crusade against the Comintern. Almost surrounded by hostile states, separated from France by the Reich, and from the Soviet Union by Poland and

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Rumania, the Czechs' position would be very grave.

The fear is felt in Prague that London would be unwilling to take a decisive step that might involve the Empire in war to defend a cause in Central Europe. Certain British imperialists advocate giving Hitler a free hand in Central Europe in exchange for the abandonment of his claims to the former German colonies. Anthony Eden has said that Britain would fight to protect France and Belgium, but he has said nothing publicly to that effect about Czechoslovakia. As for the French, they have been unwilling of late to make any major international move without British support. Turning toward Moscow, Prague knows that, according to the terms of the Czech-Soviet mutual-assistance pact, Soviet help is contingent upon French aid to the Czechs. Moreover, Czechoslovakia and the Soviet Union have no common frontier. Russian military help for the Czechs would have to pass through a third country. Titulescu was known to be working on a plan to permit Soviet troops to pass through northern Rumania to go to the aid of the Czechs. But most observers assume that Premier Tatarescu and his fellow Rightists in Rumania have discarded the plan.

Berlin believes that the international situation is developing along these lines. The Soviet will be compelled to avoid any action in the West that would weaken its defense in the East and expose Siberia to attack by Japan. Britain, whose rearmament program is not yet near completion, must continue to keep a close watch on Mussolini. Hungary can be counted on to help the Reich against Czechoslovakia. Jugoslavia could not send troops directly to Czechoslovakia unless they crossed Austria or Hungary, a move that Italy would resist. Rumania, bent on saving her territorial gains from the World War, will try to stay neutral. Concerned over the Danzig situation, Poland is determined to keep out of war if possible and would refuse to allow any foreign troops to cross her territory. The Reich could count on the support of two to three million Teutons and Magyars within Czechoslovakia.

The economic crisis in Germany may before long force Hitler into a foreign adventure to relieve the pressure at home. On January 21 the Reich Foreign Office organ, the Diplomatische Korrespondenz, warned Prague that "it is high time Czechoslovakia made up her mind to revise fundamentally her relations with her attitude toward Germandom—and that means inside and outside her own borders." This is not the language of diplomacy; it is the speech of militarism.

To stop a Nazi *Putsch* in Bohemia, once it is under way, will be almost impossible. The time to halt it, needless to say, is before it gets started. That responsibility rests squarely on the shoulders of the men who are guiding the foreign policies of France and Britain. Eden and Blum might well keep in mind the memory of Sadowa, Prussia's victory over Austria in 1866. Then France stood by and permitted Bismarck and von Moltke to humble the armies of Franz Joseph at Sadowa. Four years later France, without allies, suffered the same fate at the hands of Prussia. "It was not Austria, but France," moralize the historians, "who was defeated at Sadowa." As London and Paris watch the Nazis conduct their propaganda and diplomatic drive against Czechoslovakia, they ought to realize that Bohemia may be not only "another Spain"; it may be another Sadowa.

HENRY C. WOLFE.

Russia's Greatest Victory

SOME YEARS ago while on a visit to a village in the province of Ryazan I attended a meeting at which a teacher of agriculture delivered a lecture on gardening. At great length he explained to his audience that the way to grow large firm heads of cabbage was to set the plants in squares and far enough apart so that a cultivator could go through the rows both ways. The peasants listened and seemed impressed and then went home and planted cabbage the way they had always done —close together, the theory being that the more plants there were in a row the more cabbage they would have. Last summer while visiting villages all the way from the black-earth region to the Turkish border in Armenia I made a particular effort to look into gardens, and wherever I saw cabbage it was planted precisely as the above-mentioned teacher of agriculture had urged his hearers to do. What is true of cabbage is true, though not yet so universally, of corn, potatoes and other vegetables. Under the impetus of collectivization old methods of tillage have rapidly yielded to new ones.

While I was in the Commissary of Agriculture's office in Leningrad one of the agronomists showed me a neatly built birch box in which he kept a dozen choice purple-skinned onions. These onions, he explained, told a dramatic story. They were found on an island up north in the cellar of an abandoned monastery. For years the monks had been cultivating them with great success, but the rest of the northern country never had heard of them. On experimentation it was discovered that they grew more rapidly than any other onion ever known in the Leningrad region and had a finer flavor. Since the growing season in the north is short, they were especially suited for it, and in another year or two, so the agronomist assured me, they would be cultivated everywhere in the north country.

The Crimea and the Southern Ukraine always had to import seed potatoes. In recent years Pro-

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fessor Lysenko, by his method of vernalization, that is, starting growth in the cellar, has made it possible for these territories to raise their own. In the past year 10,000 collective farms in the Ukraine no longer had to import seed potatoes. Meanwhile White Russia, though especially suited to potatoes, is cutting down on its potato acreage and planting more and more flax. The peasants there had long ago been told that flax was more profitable than potatoes, but habit, inertia, dread of innovation—ancient foes of progress in the Russian village—kept them from making the shift. Now under collectivization the shift is being readily achieved.

Perhaps in no country in the world had the razorback hog attained such wide acceptance as in Russia. You could see this sprightly and pugnacious creature, heavy in bone and light in meat, even in parts of the Ukraine and among the Cossacks, who were noted for their ability to raise good hogs. Now the English Yorkshire, which has achieved an amazing revolution in Russian swine breeding, or the offspring resulting from a cross of the Yorkshire with the better native breeds, has sealed the doom of the razor-back.

Nor is this all. Not being a rich corn country like America, Russia cannot use corn so extensively as America for the final fattening process of hogs. After much experimentation the Swine Institute of Poltava has perfected special feeds for the purpose, with barley as a base and with different mixtures for different regions. On further experimentation the scientists of the Institute discovered that yeast hastened enormously the process of fattening. I hate to think of the years it would have required to disseminate this discovery had the peasantry still been on a basis of individual land-holding.

More perhaps than any other farmer in Europe the *muzhik* was wary of new ways of farming, chiefly because his own experience and the experience of his ancestors had taught him that the old ways, however crude and ineffectual to the man of the laboratory, were sure to yield results, even if poor ones, but that the new method, because it was new, might prove a failure, and then what would he do in winter with no cabbage, no onions, no pork, no potatoes? Under collectivization, not only is the educational process so dynamic that it overpowers resistance but the machinery of control within and without is so dominating that, unless based on sound grounds, protests go by the board. There is not a collective farm but boasts its quota of members who at first scoffed and swore at new methods of tillage, but who subsequently recognized their error and have since been ready to follow the proposals of the agronomist.

In 1927, one-third of the peasantry had no draft animals. One-fifth had no cows. Of those who had horses, one-half had only one horse per family. With the best of intentions these peasants could not use heavy plows—one horse could not pull them—or any other modern machine. The size of the average individual farm was a little over eleven acres, and few owners of such small holdings could hope to attain a degree of prosperity that would enable them to buy modern agricultural implements. That was why about three-fourths of the Russian peasantry sowed their grain by hand, a process as slow as it was wasteful. Nearly half of them did their harvesting by hand. Peasants with no horse or with only one horse—and they were in the vast majority—could use only a light plow or a *soha,* a wood-framed plow, neither of which could turn up a furrow of more than ten or thirteen centimeters. In the absence of heavy disk harrows they could not prepare proper seed beds, and a marked feature of their fields was their lumpy condition. In time of drought, the sun quickly baked up their land and when fall or winter came they faced starvation. That was why famine was such a frequent visitor in certain parts of the Russian countryside.

Consider the vast changes that collectivization has introduced. Now 20,000,000 families, or 89 percent of all, organized into collectives, till an area of 285,000,000 acres. Each collective averages over 1,100 acres, "more than a decent mouthful," as a Russian agronomist once said to me, "for one of our 60 horsepower caterpillar tractors." Nearly 5,000 tractor stations, with a fleet of 355,000 tractors and all the necessary accompanying implements —gangplows, disks, cultivators, grain drills, etc.— do most of the draft work in nearly three-fourths of the collectives. This year they are working a much larger area and by 1938 there will be enough machinery in the country to enable them to do all the draft work on the collectives. Thus for the first time in Russian history the peasant lands are plowed to a depth of twenty and twenty-five centimeters. They are well disked and seeded and more and more of them are being properly cultivated. One does not have to be an agricultural expert or a dirt farmer to appreciate the vastness of this one change in peasant farming with all that it implies in conservation of moisture and in destruction of weeds. In the Ukraine and in the Kuban, Russia's chief grain-growing regions in Europe, there were no rains last summer. Yet wherever I traveled in these sections, crops on the average were as good as and often better than the year before. Again and again older peasants told me that never in all their experience as farmers did they remember a time when crops resisted so successfully the onslaught of the drought. Even in the Volga regions where the drought was most severe, the collective farms, because of superior tillage, managed to save about a third of the crop. Of course the proper selection of seeds, which in the old days most peasants completely ignored, the cultivation of special seeds for dry areas, the increasing use of manure and commercial fertilizer, timely sowing and harvesting, which, with the help of modern machinery, is comparatively easy, have helped immensely in the fight for better crops.

Two years ago in the republic of Kabarda in the North Caucasus, after the crops had been put in, there was no rain. Day after day the sun rose hot

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and dry and the soil began to parch and bake. Thereupon Metal Kalmykov, the political leader of Kabarda, one of the most amazing personages in the Revolution and incidentally the most brilliant and most humane collectivizer in the country, issued a call to the whole population to go out with picks, shovels, spades and bring the mountain streams to the land and save themselves from disaster. Schools closed, offices closed, factories wherever possible closed, and the whole population, including Kalmykov and all his secretaries and assistants, went into the fields and shoveled dirt. About half of the land in the country was irrigated, when the rains splashed down. Meanwhile the ditches are there and whenever drought threatens crops, the mountain streams can be turned on almost like faucets.

Endless are the benefits that collectivization, with its system of coöperation and the use of science and the modern machine, is making possible. For a long time it had been held that wheat could not profitably be grown outside of the black-earth regions. Little of it for example was sown in the so-called consumers' areas north of the black-earth belt—by 1928 only about 400,000 acres. Yet by 1936, 6,000,000 acres had been seeded to wheat in these very areas. Indeed the Soviets are carrying wheat farther and farther north. Last year over 550,000 acres were sown beyond the 60th parallel. New kinds of wheat and new methods of tillage are being developed for the northern countries and thus far the results have been more than encouraging. In the breeding of livestock—sheep, cattle, horses, poultry—in the cultivation of all crops—wheat, rye, barley, alfalfa, castor beans, soy beans, grapes, cotton, rice—in gardening, bee-keeping, everywhere, the improvements that collectivization has made possible in the last four years are only too evident. On a large collective farm in the Ukraine, I saw an apiary of more than 100 colonies that would gladden the heart of any lover of bees. Fine frame hives, with sloping bridgeways on which the bees could make an easy landing and with the grass around cut low so that they would meet with no obstruction on their way to and from the fields, exactly as in some of the best apiaries in this country. The keeper told me that he was following the methods of an American, a certain Mr. Root. No doubt he was referring to the late A. I. Root, of Medina, Ohio, one of the most distinguished bee-men in this country. As I watched him do his work, I could not help thinking how impossible it would have been to disseminate quickly Mr. Root's or any other modern ideas of bee-keeping in the Ukraine or any other part of the country, if the peasantry were still burdened with the heritage of individual land-holding.

Russia paid an appalling price for collectivization, more than for any other enterprise of the Revolution, save for the conquest of power. The blunders that the Soviets and the Communist Party committed in the first three years of the movement have turned many a friendly foreign journalist into an implacable and lasting foe of the Revolution. As one Bolshevik in the Ukraine expressed himself: "It was a war and in war you cannot avoid casualties," heavy casualties, I must add. At least three million peasants died from famine in the winter of 1932-33. Yet now as one travels about the country and sees the superbly tilled fields and the increasing herds of livestock, especially sheep and swine, it seems unbelievable that only four years ago the Ukraine and the Kuban and other districts were smitten with hunger and devastation. I traveled through the Ukraine and the Crimea in late autumn and never have I seen better worked wheat lands.

Because they are so new and are such a stupendous departure from former methods of work, the collectives have many difficulties to overcome. There are not enough good managers. There are not enough good foremen. There are entirely too many office workers and executives. On some farms about one-fourth of the workers hold non-productive jobs. The division of labor is still clumsy and wasteful. The Lord only knows why they have such crowds of people on their threshing crews, or why they build silos away from cow stables, thus inviting needless duplication of labor. A good many people, especially the older ones, find the discipline too irksome, and work less diligently on the collectivized fields than on their own small allotments. Certain branches of farming, especially horticulture, have been grossly neglected. This is why fruit is so scanty in Russia that even in Moscow people will buy any kind of apples and pears, however small, spotted or wormy. Bureaucracy, the chief curse of the Revolution, though not so viciously rooted as in the city, is yet in evidence on some of the best collectives. But these are faults of organization which time and experience should overcome.

The real achievements of the collectives have barely begun. The important work and the chief benefits are still to come. Yet even now as one surveys the Soviet scene, one sees nothing that is more bright with promise for the peasantry and the whole country. Hardly a discovery, for example, but the collectives can apply it with an energy and on a scale which would be impossible in any other land, even in America.

Dr. Horsely Gantt of Johns Hopkins, a pupil of the late Professor Pavlov, in his study of Russian famines, says: "Those of the last century occurred in 1822, 1833, 1840, 1873, 1880, 1883, 1891-2, 1898-9, 1907 and 1911. In 1891 a famine extended over a third of European Russia. Many of these famines were accompanied by such horrors as the eating of bark, grass, dung and cannibalism." There are geographers in this country who, because of her climatic and soil conditions, regard Russia as doomed to periodic famines. In the light of what collectivization has already achieved, this sentence of death upon millions of Russians, some yet unborn, is in my judgment slightly premature. There is ample reason to believe that if Russia has peace

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for about three years, collectivization will fortify her effectively against the recurrence of famine.

And if war comes, collectivization may prove the salvation of the country and of the Revolution. It is hard to conceive how Russia could hope to fight against such highly militarized and powerful nations as Germany and Japan if the village were still on a basis of individualized land-holding, with all that it implies in backward tillage of the land, in slow collection of food supplies and in lack of social cohesiveness. Incalculable are the services that the collectives can render in time of war. They can ensure the best possible production in agriculture and keep the army and the city population well supplied with food. If many men go to war, the women can take their place, operate tractors and combines and carry on the work without interruption. They make it possible for the government to have complete control of the crop and plan its adequate distribution. They inculcate in the peasant a sense of large-scale organization and a social discipline which is essential in modern warfare, to the civilian no less than to the soldier. They guarantee the fulfilment of appeals and orders, whether concerned with increased acreage in wheat, the training of sharpshooters and Red Cross nurses or the erection of local fortresses, such as collectives in the Far East have been building. In guerrilla warfare, which is sure to follow if a foreign army occupies Russian territory, they can prove infinitely more formidable than the individualized village ever was. In fact they may become little nests of dynamite that will continually be setting off explosions. They certainly are preparing for every possible eventuality. Above all they give Russia an organic strength and unity that the country never had. MAURICE HINDUS.

The Future of Democracy: II

We publish below three more statements on the future of Democracy, continuing the series that began with the statement of Benedetto Croce in our issue last week. The first of these comes from Luis Alberto Sánchez, a distinguished Peruvian who is now in exile from his own country. The second is from Baldamiro Sanin Cano, of Colombia, who has combined careers in philosophy and in the diplomatic service of his own country. The third comes from George Bernard Shaw, who needs no further identification to American readers.—THE EDITORS.

Luis Alberto Sanchez

POLITICAL democracy is not on the wane; it is going through a period of correction and of clarification. The apparent crisis of the present hour is really a manifestation which has been delayed in its appearance by the denial of opportunity for political education to the masses, whose interests have been obscured by the economic interests of the dominant oligarchies. This crisis shows that political democracy was mainly a matter of form only, and did not take into account basic economic facts. In countries where the political transformation brought about by the introduction of democracy was at the same time an economic change—as happened with the advent to power of the middle class, or *petite bourgeoisie*, in France—democracy still remains on a solid footing. On the other hand, in countries where feudal systems persist, as in Germany, to some extent in Italy, Spain, Russia and the republics of what was once Spanish America, democracy always was and still is an anomaly—it cannot "wane" because it has scarcely existed at all—the mask has now been taken off, that is all.

The problem is therefore, especially in the Latin American countries, that of strengthening, or of creating, democracy. The word has existed, but that only, since from the Rio Grande to Patagonia there has actually been only feudalism, a government by plutocratic minorities which do not even supply their own capital, but live on capital provided by outside imperialistic enterprises. Had it not been for the imperialistic ambitions of other countries, which held back and changed the course of political development in Latin America, the transition to democracy would have been made with the rise of the middle classes. Imperialism therefore turned aside the normal course of political and social evolution in our countries. The upper classes allied themselves with imperialist leaders; alliances were formed among foreign capitalists, local land-holders and feudal lords, unscrupulous politicians and descendants of the former Spanish nobility fallen into financial ruin, leaving no way open for political influence by the common people. It is interesting to note that in the constitutions of the Latin American states the suffrage was long given only to those citizens who paid a certain annual amount in taxes. Today there are only two effective democracies south of the Rio Grande: Mexico and Colombia. There is a second group of republics having repressive laws, which can be considered at most semi-democratic. Then there is a third group of countries in which there is no democracy at all, but only authoritarian and despotic governments: Brazil, Peru, Bolivia, Paraguay, Ecuador, Guatemala, Salvador and Nicaragua. The first two are the most shameless—Peru and Brazil have now occupied the post of dishonor formerly held by the Venezuela of Gomez.

I do not for a moment think that authoritarian government is preferable to democratic government.

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In the first place, it is absurd to compare a system that has never really been tried out—the democratic system—with another that has attempted only to defend caste interests, defying public opinion outright. If democracy has never been put into practice, one can scarcely prefer autocracy or plutocracy to a democracy with which one has had no acquaintance. On the other hand, what is meant by "authoritarian government"? One kind of authoritarian government might be that "democratic Caesarism" to which the liberator Bolivar aspired in his last year of power, envisaging an intensification of the executive power, freer action for the government in general and a diminution of bureaucratic obstacles. But the "big stick" system which Juan Vicente Gomez operated for twenty-seven years in Venezuela was also called "democratic Caesarism." In countries with small populations, economically dependent on other countries, like those of Latin America, an authoritarian government leads to the most open and the most cruel tyranny. In politically autonomous countries with dense populations and a generally high level of culture the problem is quite different: authority in such countries will always find itself held in check by a "public opinion" which weighs heavily in the balance. By its very growth industrialism creates a feeling of independence; it at least frees the country from bureaucracy. But in Spain and in Spanish America, where it is entirely dependent on the state budget, an authoritarian government is a system of personal bribes, of family privileges, of excesses in every direction. In such countries it is undesirable and oppressive.

Your third question asks if I agree with the contention that for the individual, security and liberty are incompatible? To start with, concepts of liberty are different in different places. A modern democracy has to put the interests of the community before the interests of the individual. But this must not be overdone, since that would lead to the total abolition of individual rights. Man requires a minimum of guarantees. The state requires a maximum with respect to its duties, a minimum with respect to its component citizens. But a state that demands such prerogatives must be one democratically constituted, one which represents the people, not an oligarchy or a bold and rapacious minority. This is the crux of the problem—a state that is really representative of the opinion of its citizens possesses rights to which a state created by the violence of a few or by the pressure of outside financial interests, like some or nearly all of the South American governments, can have no claim.

The situation on our continent is different from that in any country in Europe, unless in Spain, where it is similar in some respects. We can give rights to the victors in the elections of March, 1936, and still tolerate some excesses in their use of those rights, but we cannot tolerate such excesses in those who rise to the top by force of arms, without representing any aspiration on the part of the people as a whole, but only caste and feudal interests. The states which have no feudal survivals at their core are in a quite different position. In the Latin American countries the feudal system still survives; local industries and capital are lacking; the economic system of the country is dependent on outside factors; the population is scanty; the oligarchies have refused education to the people. Under such circumstances the governments are for the most part not truly representative of the people, but emanate from the wills of dictators and of minorities. They have in short no claim to enchain the will of individuals and cannot allege the sovereign rights of truly representative states to "exercise their legitimate means of defense"—in this case coercion—against free citizens.

B. Sanin Cano

I AM AFRAID democracy is practically losing ground all over the world. I say "practically" because its principles remain unimpaired from the standpoint of logic and mere reasoning. No other system consistent with freedom of the individual citizen and his natural development has been reasonably put forward as a possible substitute for democracy. . . . But the application of these principles to the practice of government has of late shown that man has become, in certain regions at least, inferior to their realization. A tide of corruption has contaminated the democratic governments in their different modes of being. Parliamentary corruption helped the enemies of democracy in their task of destroying civil liberties. Parliamentary corruption in Spain made possible the seven-year rule of Primo de Rivera.

I don't believe dictatorial or authoritarian governments are preferable to the ones based on real democratic principles. It happens, though, that societies, nations, empires have suffered fundamental changes and that life itself has been beating new tracks and developing new forms of coexistence while democracy for fear of contingencies remains stationary and in more than one emergency has proved to be inferior to the fulfilment of its engagements. Democracy looks like an old suit being worn by a young man who has grown too big for the old measures. Democracy need not be superseded, but we want new methods, simpler proceedings and perhaps more elasticity in its workings.

Under a really democratic rule security for the individual cannot be realized unless freedom is made the basis of the ruling system. Security for the individual in the fascist or dictatorial organizations is no more than a word. Property, personal safety, all kinds of rights and possessions, are at any moment at the mercy of the ruler who has also absolute command over the lives of his subjects.

It is wrong, I submit, to take for granted that democracy has failed and is failing in many countries because it was applied to the real extent of its meaning. Democracy failed and is failing where its tenets were either ignored or trodden down. What

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is wanted today is more freedom to reinvigorate democracy. There has never been such a thing as a tyranny of the masses. Shrewd men deceived a part of the people in order to exercise with them oppression on the other groups. We must give to democratic principles wider scope controlling the tendency of the few to exercise undue exploitation on the many. Following the inspiration of fear—a poor and interested counsellor—governments instead of giving wider scope to freedom in a world enlightened by a century of free schools and free press are planning ways of curtailing or suppressing civil liberties. It would appear according to these prophets of disaster that the more enlightened and richer in experience a man is the more constrained he should be in the use of his knowledge and capacities.

G. Bernard Shaw

I HOLD, with Adolf Hitler, that our political democracy is a lie. Its "waning" means presumably its being found out. The faster it "wanes" in this sense the better I shall be pleased.

There is no antithesis between authoritarian government and democracy. All government is authoritarian; and the more democratic a government is the more authoritative it is; for with the people behind it it can push its authority farther than any Tsar or foreign despot dare do.

The practical form of freedom is leisure. Farmers who have to work sixteen hours a day to pay rent and interest on mortgages in addition to buying necessaries for their families are not free: they are abject slaves. They have neither freedom nor security. All ordinary proletarians are necessarily in in the same position under capitalism: they have neither freedom nor security; but they have votes, and are taught that the possession of a vote makes them free, and that a crowd of voters constitutes a democracy. That is what Adolf Hitler calls a lie. It is the exposure of that lie that Benito Mussolini described as the putrefaction of the corpse of liberty.

Genuine democracy can exist only when the necessary slavery to Nature—that is, the task of productive work without which we should all perish, is equally shared, and the leisure left when it is done equally shared in consequence. This will produce an enormous extension of freedom; but it is impossible without a corresponding extension of public activity and interference and a careful liquidation of people who want to be free all the time. The notion, still prevalent in America, that government is a tyranny to be minimized at all costs in the name of Liberty, will have to be eradicated by genuine scientific education of the children. American adults are hopeless; but they mean well; and it would be a pity to shoot them.

Security is by itself a meaningless word. Security from what? The proletarian wants security from unemployment, the business man security from bankruptcy, the professional man security from invasion and conquest. The terms must be defined before discussion can come to anything.

John Marin's Career

IN PARIS, in the late 1900's, the young American painters used regularly to flock o' evenings to the double studio of Leo and Gertrude Stein. The brother and sister had begun forming their pioneer collection of modern art. They had purchased paintings by the revolutionary artists Cézanne, Renoir, Matisse and Picasso. They had hung their walls with these amazing canvases. And every evening, Leo Stein expounded to the attentive throng of young American expatriates, the theory, technique and meaning of the new conceptions of art that were to affect painting and sculpture the world over.

Gertrude Stein used to lie on a couch in the corner of the studio. She rarely spoke. From time to time a smile flickered on her large face as she listened to some pronouncement of her brother's. He had tried to paint, but had found theory his forte. On a center table, there rose a pile of oranges. As nobody knew whether the fruits were destined to serve as decoration in the modern style or as refreshments, they remained intact.

There, however, was in Paris one young American artist—young possibly more in deed than in years —who did not frequent the Steins' studio. His name was John Marin: he was nearly forty years of age, and his lean, dry, somewhat swarthy face with its sharp nose already was reminding people of a wizened apple or the visage of a wren. A slight, medium-tall, somewhat slouchy figure, he had, together with the look of a Yankee farmer, the curious personal dignity and simplicity of the type. At excited moments, he also resembled his future water colors. His black hair would appear to be flying in a wedge from his head, and beneath it there would lie a brownish patch that was his face, and beneath that, a white band that was his collar, and basing it, an area of ultramarine that was his four-in-hand.

If this painter and etcher had been asked why he did not join the flock that listened to Leo Stein's expositions of the significance and importance of the new, revolutionary work, he would probably have replied that he preferred to play billiards. He did indeed spend his evenings at the pool tables in the cafés; but it was also a fact that he had a rare constitutional indifference to theory. Once in a while,

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he strove to define some law of art; but then, as in later years, it was only after a long sequence of whimsical and incoherent propositions that made his audience wonder whatever it was he had in his mind, that at last he unexpectedly came out with some lucid insight. It generally was a profound one. On the whole, however, he didn't care for art-talk. The truth was: this refreshing personage had moments which transported him as it were beyond himself. During these moments, there presented themselves to him in the form of visual sensations derived from objects such as trees and landscapes and groups of houses, sometimes whimsical, sometimes exalted truths. And what plainly satisfied him was the business of attempting to adapt, and of adapting, the technique of oil and water-color painting and of etching—inherited by him from Whistler—to the end of representing these individual experiences. That; and the game of billiards.

Besides, Marin already in one sense was the most characteristically Yankee of all painters. Other artists had like himself represented "a cocktail of the best English ale, Dutch bitters, Irish gin, French vermouth and plain Scotch." Others had been reserved of manners and diffident. None, however, had been endowed to his degree with the kind of self-sufficiency which verges upon a beautiful egocentricity. He was not only completely centered in his own world and "able to mind his own business." Waggish, unassuming, boylike and curiously dignified, he was then as he has pretty consistently remained, essentially unconcerned for his neighbors—in this case, other artists, and esthetics at variance with his own. This delightful indifference did not flow from any creed of individualism; rather more from the fact that these other existences indubitably never had any distinct reality for him. To be sure, he probably knew that this earth contained people besides himself; and that the struggle for life was general. Still, the communists would never find willing material in such as he. The New Hampshire poet's "Good fences make good neighbors" might have been his slogan. Hence, his absence from the modern-art-hung studios of the Steins. He had his work; it wasn't at all what he wanted it to be; but let the Matisses and Picassos, if they had to exist, go and do theirs.

Actually, at that time, some twenty-seven or eight years before the show at the Modern Museum in New York that was to constitute his formal reception by the world of art, Marin was still at the commencement of his career. He had matured with singular slowness: which is another way of saying he was an American artist. Indeed, it was in the middle of his third decade that this very young man even conceived that painting might be his vocation and destined approach to reality. Born in Rutherford, New Jersey, he had spent most of his school-time drawing bunnies on slates. After a year in Stevens Institute, he spent a year in business and got fired. Then he went to work in an architect's office. Here he remained during four years; he thinks he "didn't have much class, otherwise *They* would have discovered his Wondership." For two years after, he worked at various other odd jobs. He was actually twenty-seven when at length he matriculated at the Philadelphia Academy.

And the power to represent his vision of the world was a fairly recent arrival in his life. True, Marin already was painting from a palette that for all its coolness was far warmer than Whistler's, and managing a brilliant wash. And he was beginning to see and to represent the world in terms of motion, and like the poet he fundamentally was, seeking to express through the appearances of things, the underlying counterplay and mutual equilibration of the unseen forces felt by himself. None the less, he was doing so with little of the power and completeness that were to distinguish his later work. And, there in Paris, he was unconsciously the potential of one of the tragedies of the world of art. A prodigious artistic ability lay latent in him. But he required absolute freedom to actualize it. He was not a man of formulas. Thus, he was at the mercy of the world.

Over in New York, however, there existed in the attic of the old building, 291 Fifth Avenue, a small experimental gallery called the Photo-Secession Gallery. It had ostensibly been organized to display and champion American pictorial photography and had enthusiastically done so. But another cause underlay its existence. This was the circumstance that one of its founders, an ancient mariner named Alfred Stieglitz—the other was Edward Steichen—was an artist of a kind very different from John Marin. Like the water-colorist the master of a medium disparaged by the world of art—in his case the medium of photography—Stieglitz was not an individualist. He was something more modern. Possessed of an individual vision and an individual expressive means, he was essentially a communist: even though his communism was of the sort not frequently put into practice by communists. He was an artist less desirous of his own promotion than of the satisfaction of being one of a group of creative artists. Discriminative, a passionate lover of art, he was able to find the work of others quite as important as, if not more important than, his own, and exciting loyalty and devotion; and he craved above all things to make the entire group of which he was a member function and produce. Besides, Stieglitz was not exclusively interested in the esthetic effect of art. A moralist, he was interested in its ability to war on fixed ideas. Thus, if he had helped found and maintain the Photo-Secession Gallery and its instrument the periodical Camera Work, it was both to the end of supporting his own group and of removing from the mentality of the world the general impression that America was destined to remain artistically impotent. Recently, he and Steichen had opened the doors of "291" to the modern painting that refused to compete with the camera and exploited its own coloristic means. They had exhibited contemporary

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Parisian painting from Rodin's to Matisse's and Picasso's. And they were seriously considering hanging a show by some dynamic young American artist, and had an eye on George Luks.

The Luks show mercifully never took place. In 1909 Edward Steichen was in Paris: there his attention was called to Marin's work. To Stieglitz in New York he sent a number of examples of it. "291" gave them a show together with the work of another young expatriate, Alfred Maurer. In 1910, Stieglitz was abroad. And during those days in Paris there began the extraordinary twenty-five-year-long-alliance of Marin the individualist and Stieglitz the "communist." Steichen had introduced them. From that time, or rather from the fall of that year, the date of wandering painter's definite hegira from Paris to New York, all the Marin paintings and etchings that have gone into the world have passed through Stieglitz's hands.

In a way, the extraordinary relationship which developed between the two men in the course of time has been that between an artist and a patron, also an artist, who has acted as his manager plenipotentiary. From 1910 onwards, Stieglitz has annually given or arranged for a show of Marin's latest work. He has unremittingly championed it; and he has steadily procured the man the freedom required for his prodigious artistic evolution by purchasing his paintings for his own collection or interesting other art-lovers in them. The relationship from the first has been distinguished by an extraordinary mutual confidence and a common integrity. If Marin has never lightened Stieglitz's material burden by, of his own accord, interesting possible collectors in his work, he has also never questioned any act of Stieglitz's relative to his affairs, and, what is even more remarkable, apparently persuaded his own wife to see eye to eye with him. Nor have the couple ever made anything save the most modest demands upon Stieglitz. The photographer, who has never been an art-dealer, and merely has been interested in obtaining for the members of his group the freedom requisite to their work, early advised Marin to "concentrate on the bread and forget the butter." And Marin has contented himself with the means to a relatively austere existence. For his part, Stieglitz, who has stood between Marin and the world even when he himself was not far from starvation, has never questioned Marin's artistic course, or wanted of him anything besides continual aspiration. But that, he has of course never had to demand.

To be sure, the alliance has had some difficult moments. One occurred during the War, a time when purchasers of Marin's water colors were not numerous. Marin, who recently had married, announced that the sum of $1,200 would suffice him and his adult bride for a year. The sum was found, and the couple departed for Maine. Six weeks later, Marin returned to New York, and slightly sheepishly announced, "Mr. Stieglitz, there is something I've got to tell you. I've bought an island in Maine with the money you gave me. It's a very beautiful island: the only drawback is, there isn't any water on it. And, there's another bit of news. My wife—is expecting." But it was impossible to be annoyed at a painter whose water colors—like Schubert's songs—were fresh and lyrical and saturated with the beauty of the world for attempting to start a new continent. Marin once more returned to Maine, and resumed dining off clams and huckleberries, and painting the landscape. It was a happy existence. To live with landscape is to admire; and he who admires is blessed.

Another cloud hovered during the boom years. Marin acquired a Ford car. He had purchased a home in Cliffside, New Jersey, and had taken his family every summer to Maine; but automobiles and peregrination were not in the austere Stieglitzian picture. However, it shortly transpired that travel in the Ford was presenting Marin with new exciting visual experience, and that since the spring nearest the Maine cottage occupied by the painter was not more than a quarter of a mile distant, the car also had a domestic usefulness.—Still another shock took place when Marin bought a quantity of Florida west-coast real estate, of the sort that is said to be distinctly visible at low tide. But by that time Stieglitz had long since realized that in all ways Marin was the normal American.

What, however, is important, is the fact that all during those years Marin was slowly bringing into being a body of work in the great tradition of art—the major tradition recaptured for the world by the "moderns"—which without supererogation can be directly set beside those of the Cézannes, the Seurats, the Van Goghs. The tradition, he has more or less rediscovered for himself. True, from 1910 onwards, he frequented 291 Fifth Avenue, and along with the other artists toasted his feet on the stove in the back room. And at "291" he finally saw Cézanne's water colors, and paintings by Matisse and Picasso, and later those of the American members of the revolutionary group: Georgia O'Keeffe, Hartley, Dove and the rest. But he continued unswervingly on his own tack: it is questionable whether the talk and analysis and the exhibitions influenced him to anything besides a clear understanding of his own ideas and aims. His attitude toward art at variance with his own remained as a rule if not precisely intolerant at least delightfully cool. Exceptions to this rule doubtless have occurred. The catalogue of the posthumous show of his friend Ernest Haskell's etchings, for example, was prefaced by a little eulogy from Marin's pen. But as for Cézanne: *he* remained a mere painter for him, not much else; a judgment which he has recently reaffirmed, adding that, "helped on by those Frenchmen," the American critics have given Cézanne too much space. Renoir, he humorously claimed, "painted nudes like a Frenchman; one can always hear him saying, 'Oh, that's just a nude woman.

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I know all about that.'" And the gaunt "eagle from the hills of Maine" on the whole remained for him "a chaser of rainbows." Even after many years of acquaintance with the wonderful photographs of his patron, Marin's highest praise of them was summed up in the passionate statement "these photographs almost persuade me that they are works of art." And with characteristic sportsmanship Stieglitz published the frosty verdict.

It was in working; it was in doggedly striving to represent with his means the identities, the roots of American places that John Marin finally achieved a sort of absolute painting as American in feeling as Whitman's, and as simultaneously rough and exquisite. At first the expressions almost entirely concerned New York. The needle and the water-color brush set down its nervous rhythm, its vaulting ambition. From 1914 on, the subjects largely were derived from Maine, the sea-Maine of cobalt tides, white towns, rocky wooded capes and islands, and schooners lonely and dignified like solitary, self-sufficing individuals. To the world of art at large, these brilliant, whimsical and delicate washes of Marin's appeared to be "abstractions"—mere totalities of form made up of smaller forms. Only, once in a while, somebody who knew his Penobscot Bay would pause before one of them and exclaim, "Why, that's such and such an island!" Meanwhile, Marin also continued his portrayals of the New York waterfronts; and from time to time made pictorial forays into Massachusetts and New Hampshire. Late in the 20's Marin went to the Southwest. There his Ford was to be seen stationed in the desert. In its back seat patiently waited the Missus and the son; while somewhere in the foreground, before an improvised easel, sat and stippled little John, long since termed by Henry McBride "the Beethoven of water color." From New Mexico he brought back his rhythmically complex depictions of the Indian dances. It was also evident that he was growing less exclusive. Several of Mabel Dodge's feminine guests in Taos claim that he revealed to them the secret of how to water-color.

And after many years devoted entirely to wash and etching, he began to paint in oils again. At first, his canvases appear sadly to lack the distinguished color-harmony of his washes. Wise heads nodded: "He's just a water-colorist." Then the oils began to rival the washes. And for the first time in many years, he was representing the human figure. He was painting nudes. And not like Renoir. Marin's have a breath of nothing less than virginity!

Thus he remains, as ever, audacious and unconventional. His vision of the world in the meantime has long since become a part of objective reality, and pretty massively transferred itself to paper and to canvas. It stands—a vision as individualistic as it is unique; the very world-picture of good American individualism. It is in one sense a record of the appearance of things as they are perceived by the moving eye and by the eyes of bodies in motion; and a representation of a world incessantly in motion and none the less as balanced and upright as a Maine schooner in a running sea (for all his playfulness, Marin is the blood-brother of the old Ionian seers who perceived a glittering incessantly changing cosmos of fire and earth and air and water). But, very significantly, this art is also the representation of a world of distinct identities, of definitely individual objects, where an oak rooted in American soil has a look and character different from that of an oak rooted in French or Russian, and everything is singular and dynamic. In this world equilibrium is maintained by the vigorous counterplay of forces in contrary motion, by the aggressive opposition, conflict and counterblasts—boxing matches, almost —of pairs and groups of opposites: forms, colors, weights, rapidities of motion. And in these images there sings the joyous feeling of a creature adjusted to his sphere of life, adequate to his circumstances, able to handle his tools and steadily increase in ability and understanding. Is it man's? Is it Marin's? A Creator's? We cannot say. We merely recognize in this microcosm the world as the good American individualist feels it to be.

Its realization certainly constitutes another triumph for that good spirit. It also constitutes a triumph for another very different one: the feeling which applies itself to the mobilization of whole groups, and satisfies itself in coöperation. And can one be blamed for speculating in all humility whether, like the individualistic America they represent, these paintings could have come into existence had they not been assisted by the other kind of feeling?

PAUL ROSENFELD.

Swift Love, Sweet Motor

And will they always be so tender, her
Face a kind of star to burn him up, she
Nearly there and wholly tremulous, his lap?
Where ecstasy lolls unabashed, his knee?

Will always run the road under the wheels,
The kiss of tire to boulevard complete,
The fuels of joy and speed flow brightly, make
Sunday combust in a miraculous heat?

Will ever just this perilous hot way
Survive to make them almost crash in bliss.
Just missing (where old horror melts again)
Funerals and black flowers of the abyss?

Question to question: and no answer mine:
But love rides locked to love, whose motors pass
Leaving on my traffic-eye one token,
A gleam at fifty miles through shatterproof glass,

Her smile, a little honey-comb, just broken.

HILDEGARDE FLANNER.

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Washington Notes

The Perils of Peace—American Merchants of Death—A War Boom in South America—Mr. Eccles' Program and Mr. Hull's Optimism

A FEW days ago, I encountered an important government official brooding over foreign-trade reports. What would happen, he wanted to know, if peace should suddenly be brought about in Europe? Suppose the strong men of the great European powers could be gathered around a green-baize table—according to the alleged hope of Mr. Roosevelt—and suppose, as a result, the business men of the world should become convinced that the end of the present armaments race was in sight. Suppose, in particular, they should become convinced that Great Britain's $7,500,000,000 arms program would never be carried out. What would the consequences be?

Upon which, the official proceeded to answer his own question, discussing merely the effects on the United States. Accustomed to guard his words, he declined to predict exactly how far the price of copper would fall; certainly it would drop by 25 percent. Fifteen-cent cotton would vanish; even the twelve-cent price of the last two years would probably be a mournful memory. In cautious phrases, the official indicated the fate of a long list of other commodities.

He next fixed his melancholy gaze upon the probable effect of a sudden, drastic fall in raw-material prices on manufacturers who have recently been indulging in speculative forward buying. Peace in Europe would leave them with overpriced and swollen inventories. The administration is not altogether certain how much buying for inventory has taken place since the first of the present year, but it is thought that such buying has been relatively heavy. A European peace would confront many manufacturers with the prospect of serious losses, and, after the manner of their kind, their immediate impulse would be to penalize their workers by cutting wages and speeding up production. The end of the European arms race might easily cause a business recession resulting in widespread hardship for Americans.

The official gloomily pointed out that the effect of a European peace on this country would obviously be trivial in comparison with the havoc it would cause in Europe itself. Continuing his brooding, he recalled that competent military authorities believe the next war will be a very short, violent one. If this is so, he asked, why would it not be better to go ahead and fight, rather than let humankind endure the certain, long-drawn-out suffering that peace now would involve? To that question, he seemed unable to find an answer, except that his proposed war would eventually end in peace, and the horrors of that later peace would probably be greater than the horrors of a peace today.

During the last week, many administration officials have shown concern over the European armaments race. Like an electric shock, the realization seems to have run through the circle of Mr. Roosevelt's advisers that we have become unwittingly a part of the European war system. Literally millions of Americans are profiting, either actually or in anticipation, from the preparations for slaughter abroad. In another six months, merchants of death, in the broadest sense of that term, are likely to be as common in the United States as Elks or Shriners. Apart from moral considerations, a situation is developing in which the whole New Deal program for economic stability seems jeopardized.

Two measures with the purpose of isolating us from the European armaments race are now before Congress. One is the proposal of Senator Nye and Representative Fish to place an immediate embargo on exports of arms, ammunition and implements of war. The other is that of Senator Schwellenbach, to embargo exports of scrap iron and steel. While both are good, neither goes nearly far enough.

A Federal Reserve official has privately advanced a proposal for an embargo of all raw materials, of whatever nature, where a shortage either exists or can reasonably be expected here at home. This plan seems thoroughly sound in principle. Why should we, in this country, permit the export of irreplaceable raw materials for the ultimate end of killing Europe's male citizens, when by so doing we are likewise encouraging dislocations in our own economy and threatening our industrial future?

This scheme for an all-inclusive, discretionary peacetime embargo has, I learn, been informally examined by Department of Commerce experts. Apparently they think little of it, and profess to be without hope that we can effectively isolate ourselves from Europe's madness. Recently the foreign-trade section of the Department of Commerce has been giving attention to the demand that has suddenly come from South America for United States industrial machinery. This demand is cited as a typical example of the endless repercussions of European armaments on our economy.

The European arms race, the experts say, has brought violent prosperity to South American countries through the speculative bidding up of raw-material prices. The people of South America have money burning in their pockets, and want goods. Normally, this consumer demand in South America would be satisfied by imports from Europe. But the arms race has also tended to raise the price of consumer goods in Europe. Consequently, for the first time in history, manufacturers in South America see a chance of supplying a large part of their own home demand. Infant industries, particularly in Argentina, Brazil, Chile and Peru, are reported to be preparing for a relatively great expansion. But, again, the armaments race has made it virtually impossible for South American manufacturers to obtain industrial machinery in Europe. They are accordingly turning to the United States, but they come at a moment when our own manufacturers are also asking for industrial machines. The South Americans want speed, and are reported to be ready to bid high for immediate deliveries. It is possible that panicky buying by the South Americans may induce panicky buying by our own manufacturers, with an almost explosive effect on the United States market.

In the five months since the presidential election, the administration has made considerable progress towards hammering out a program for dealing with our domestic, and supposedly "normal," boom. The most complete statement of this program yet put forward is contained in the article by Mr. Marriner S. Eccles, chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, in the current issue of Fortune. As explained by Mr. Eccles, it is an extremely delicate, many-sided affair, envisaging hitherto untried experiments in industrial control. Officials of the governmental departments concerned with

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economic planning—the Treasury, Commerce, Agriculture and the Federal Reserve—are now suddenly aware that they must also face a worldwide economic earthquake. Momentarily at least, they seem discouraged and angry. They feel that the world is bound for hell in a hack, and that nothing will be done about it.

One incidental result of this feeling has been an abrupt drop in the prestige of Mr. Hull. The State Department is now cheerily engaged in preliminary work on an Anglo-American reciprocal-trade treaty, which Mr. Hull reputedly believes will be the crowning achievement of his career and the solution of most of the world's troubles. This lightheartedness irritates officials of other departments. England's $7,500,000,000 armament program, in their judgment, has destroyed in advance the possible good effect of the treaty. They are scornful of the State Department's belief that the danger of war in Europe has greatly lessened. This, they say, is merely willful blindness. It ignores the economic pressure that the armaments race is creating. A great part of Europe's business men are being transformed into lobbyists for war, and no comparable pressure on the side of peace is anywhere visible.

Washington. T. R. B.

Other People's Money

Income Taxes Disappoint—Wall Street Has a Plan —Charlie Mitchell's Famous Argument—No Corporate Tax on Borrowed Money?

TAXES come to the front again as an irritant to political discussion. The administration leaders in both houses had settled down to the pleasing prospect of leaving bad enough alone this session. But events have tripped them. The income taxes have not poured in so abundantly as was hoped by the Treasury.

Just where the default occurred is not yet revealed. It would be interesting to know whether it resulted from the failure of the corporation surplus tax in actual operation or from the failure of profits to measure up to the expected impressive totals. It will probably take some time to put a finger on the real cause. But income taxes, we are told in Washington, may run as much as $150,000,000 short. As a matter of fact they may well run as much as $200,000,000 to $250,000,000 short. Other internal revenues have failed to expand as generously as Mr. Morgenthau's actuaries calculated, while the most surprising weakness is in the old-age-pension taxes. The latter, however, are not so important, since the old-age-pension levy is obviously excessive and besides before the year is out may show up more hopefully. But the net result of all this is that Congress may have to sit down gloomily to find another $300,000,000 somewhere. And, since Mr. Roosevelt has about exhausted the resources of what might be called trick taxes, he may find himself face to face with some drastic rearrangements in the income tax.

Meantime the gentlemen who operate things in New York under the name and title of Big Business have been carrying on an industrious drive to get some changes in the tax base, and they have some powerful friends on the inside of the administration. The tax shortage may give a setback to their plans. But here is what they are driving at.

First, they are eager to get the capital-gains tax repealed. The reasons are enlightening. One of them is that it is driving capital away from America. Imagine capital in flight from America to escape income taxes! Imagine capital going to shaky Europe now for shelter at a time when our government is worried about finding some means of stemming the flow of capital from abroad to our Wall Street. Unfortunately for this argument, capital is flowing this way now and not away from here. When we tried to impose our first income tax of two percent in Cleveland's time, Mr. Ward McAllister—leader of the 400—announced that if the bill passed many of our best people would leave America. Mr. Bryan, then a young congressman, asked him: "Whither will they fly?" The answer was difficult in a world where most countries had income taxes from two to three times as great as our proposed one. Whither, may we not ask, is this American capital escaping the capital-gains tax going?

The other argument is the famous one made by Mr. Charles Mitchell in 1929 when he said that the capital-gains tax was the cause of the high prices in Wall Street. Speculation, he explained, takes place in the floating supply of stocks. The smaller the supply, the higher prices will rise under the impact of demand. The higher prices rise the greater will be the demand and so on endlessly—or almost endlessly. Rich people who own stocks see the prices go so high and their profits become so great that they dare not sell. If they did they would have to realize their profits and pay taxes on them. So they hold the stocks, thus taking that much more of the outstanding supply of stocks out of the floating or liquid supply. Therefore if the government would repeal the capital-gains tax—and sacrifice two or three or more million dollars of taxes—the rich would escape this tax. Then they would take their profits, more stocks would be floating around the market in speculation, prices would decline and the boom would last longer.

This is indeed an amazing argument. It did not occur to Mr. Mitchell that perhaps the way to break this jam was to put an end to speculation in the floating supply by making it impossible to use some six to nine billion dollars of bank and corporation money in market margins. It did not occur to him also that the interest of society is better served by a large body of owners rather than a large body of speculators; by a small floating supply, indicating a greater proportion of owners. But the argument was without even so much as factual foundation. For the floating supply was perhaps never so large as in those years and prices rose in stocks where almost all of the outstanding issue was kicking around the market as effectually as in those with smaller floating supplies. But behind all that, the fundamental inequity of permitting the speculator to make off with his swollen and anti-social profits without a penny of tax while the hard-working citizen made up the difference out of the slender rewards of his daily toil did not seem to enter Mr. Mitchell's head and it does not enter the heads of those who are now working for this reform.

There is another little tax-evasion afoot in Washington which seems to be hospitably entertained by the administration. It is a proposal to exempt corporations with large debts from the undistributed corporate-surplus tax. The idea is that the tax will be levied on corporations with small or no debts, but that if a corporation has a big bond issue or a large collection of creditors the tax will be remitted.

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Put a little differently, the proposal is that those who operate on their own funds shall be taxed heavily, while those who operate on the funds of others, borrowing all they can get hold of, shall be freed from taxes.

Or to put it another way, corporations will be taxed on their incomes and then they will be subjected to a further tax on the earnings which they fail to distribute, but if they owe a great deal of money, the kindly government will permit them to use the tax money to pay their debts at the expense of competitors who are content to operate with their own funds.

Meantime the individual citizen who is head over heels in debt must go on paying his income taxes without any aid from his benevolent government. Indeed it will be necessary to tax him a little more severely to help pay the debts of the corporations that specialize in using borrowed funds. This is indeed a prize tax package. JOHN T. FLYNN.

Best American Play

THE New York Drama Critics' Circle has rounded out its second year by awarding the prize for "the best American play of the 1936-37 season" to Mr. Maxwell Anderson's "High Tor." The prize, as everyone knows by now, is a silver plaque, designed by Mr. Henry Varnum Poor; it represents a scene from the John Street Theatre of 1790. The prize last season went to Mr. Anderson's "Winterset."

The system on which the decision is made calls for fourteen votes out of the eighteen, the number of the Circle's members. The alternative to this would be a majority vote, with as many candidates running otherwise as might be. On the whole the scheme of fourteen is better, I think. It forces the whole issue into what is, at the worst, a matter of the play least objected to—in the sense that the least ugly daughter is the family beauty, in the realm of the blind the one-eyed is king, etc. So that if by cajoling, or blandishments or exhortations, or the sheer impulse not to sit there forever—"and wretches hang that jurymen may dine"—there are some voters who go over to the title that seems to promise a decision and an end, you may still say that the winning play carries with it a certain convincing percentage of opinion.

The third recourse would be not to award the prize if, in the Circle's judgment, a season shows nothing good enough to single out in such a manner. The disadvantage there would be that a false stress would then be put on the award; and any play that, after a year or two with no awards, did get the prize must almost inevitably appear to be regarded by the Critics' Circle as very fine indeed. What's more, it is obvious that critics may be changed, or fashions in plays, or the causes of success or failure, from season to season, so that these suspensions and alterations in judgment would merely run amuck. The Circle must either give the prize every year or quit entirely. With the prize coming yearly, there is no implication of great merit necessarily, but simply of the season's top. Apart from all this, the mere having to make up their minds, individually and in groups and finally, is at least a good thing for the critics.

The plays that came into the voting, if for one ballot only, were "High Tor," "Johnny Johnson," "Daughters of Atreus," "You Can't Take It With You," "Yes, My Darling Daughter," "Having Wonderful Time," "The Masque of Kings," "Marching Song," "The Wingless Victory." With one vote repeatedly not cast, we got quickly down to "Johnny Johnson" and "High Tor." The eleventh ballot showed "High Tor" 14, "Johnny Johnson" 3—they had begun the first ballot with 9 to 5—and "Daughters of Atreus" 1.

There seemed nobody among the critics who was greatly distressed by the decision. Certainly I was not. "High Tor" in divers combinations of fantasy and plain fact, ghostly and fleshly humor, is one of Mr. Maxwell Anderson's most notable pieces. To some the combination was distasteful; it seemed to me to need only a greater imaginative creation to be remarkable indeed. It was not nearly so good as "Winterset," but that is another discussion.

I did not vote for "Johnny Johnson" because I thought it was a great play, a fine, or even a very good play. The case seemed to be one of deciding which is more important, the play with the lesser content and technical aim but more nearly achieved, or the play not so successfully achieved but with more content and a more significant technical prospect. We are not talking of course of consummate plays; they are outside the problem. We are talking of two plays neither of which is anything like consummate.

Mr. Anderson's play was certainly written with a much greater degree of actual accomplishment than Mr. Paul Green's, which is to say it came nearer to what the author was trying to do. It had also the benefit of one of the most able and varied directors in our theatre, Mr. Guthrie McClintic; the acting of a very fluent and sensitive player, Mr. Burgess Meredith, and Mr. Jo Mielziner's décor. The directing in "Johnny Johnson" was much more unequal, often unfinished, undecided and in effect often amateurish. But in two or three scenes it was absorbing to follow, witty and full of prophetic possibility. Mr. Donald Oenslager's settings, in a number of scenes, were among his best; very witty, decorative and dramatic to the scene in hand, a good deal better than anything of Mr. Mielziner's for "High Tor," which by no means equaled his magnificent settings last year for "Winterset." Mr. Russell Collins' performance surpassed Mr. Meredith's in range of appeal; in the solution, with no sense of effort, of technical problems that were broader, solider, more varied and difficult, than those in the "High Tor" role. As for the two plays, whimsy, fancy, moonlit theses, humor, are one thing; but there were moments in "Johnny Johnson" that were unforgettable.

Versifications neither make a play better nor make it worse. Mr. Maxwell Anderson's verse, as found in "The Wingless Victory," say, and "High Tor," in so far as it is good is an asset to our drama, by contributing to the medium's dilation, precision, light and wings. In so far as it is not good, it does the case of "poetic drama" only harm, since regrettable qualities that are not special to poetry at all, are held up against it. At present it seems to me that his verse too often needs more compactness and real variety, and far more of the unexpectedness and pressure of whatever is alive in art. I voted for "Johnny Johnson" because, unequal as the writing was, it seemed to me in its technical tendency, its almost startling invention now and again, and its straight attack, to be more significant for our drama's health. STARK YOUNG.

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The Bandwagon

Hoover was always a radical at heart. He spent a lot of time in Red Russia.—*An anonymous opponent of the child-labor amendment quoted by Walter Davenport in Collier's for March 13, 1937.*

An incident of the last two days of hearings was the denunciation of President Conant of Harvard University as a man of "invincible stupidity" by Henry J. Sullivan, a university extension lecturer on philosophy. . . . Mr. Sullivan later apologized on his own account, saying "it really pains me to think that my remarks were construed as an aspersion on the ability of President Conant who is a brilliant scholar."—*From a Boston dispatch to The New York Times.*

Sit-down strikes have no place in God's program, the Methodist clergymen of Northern Oregon and Southwest Washington were told today by Dr. Guy Goodsell, minister of First Methodist Church.

"God is always telling us to move on," he said. "Christ wasn't engaged in sit-down strikes."

Dr. Goodsell said the present unrest in the industrial world deserves some hard thinking on the part of clergymen. —*News item in The Portland, Ore., Journal.*

The Triumph of the Egg

Fearing that the members of the Gramercy Boys Club, 535 East Sixteenth Street, were too exposed to the influences of Communists, John D. Buckley, the club director, injected a note of patriotic Americanism into its sixth annual Easter egg hunt by having the boys search for an egg with an American flag stuck to it.—*From a news item in The New York Times.*

Little Drops of Watered Stock, Little Grains of Salt

The categorical denial issued by the Delaware and Hudson Company last February that it was selling New York Central Railroad stock at a time when it was in process of disposing of 85,000 shares was seen in Wall Street yesterday as justifiable corporate procedure. It was pointed out that, for the holding company to have issued a contrary statement at the time, might have depressed the market for a security for which it was endeavoring to obtain the best price. Technical denials of this sort are accepted with good feeling in Wall Street, although, of course, with the proverbial grain of salt.—*From the financial page of The New York Times.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic.—The Editors.

CORRESPONDENCE

Planning a Transition

SIR: In the editorial "The Coming Boom" in your issue of March 31, you stress the fact that "booms and depressions are inseparable from private capitalism," and therefore you doubt whether "Mr. Roosevelt has a program adequate to the task of taming a possible coming boom." The inference is that we can only expect bigger and better catastrophes until capitalism is finally abolished, perhaps in some final cataclysm.

It would seem more in accord with your tradition as a liberal publication, believing in the possibility of evolutionary change, to seek a positive program of governmental action that may call a halt to the business cycle, and inaugurate an intelligent transition to a planned economy. Liberals and radicals alike have almost ignored this all-important problem. In so far as they do propose reforms it is admittedly as stop-gap measures only.

The most brilliant attempt to formulate such a program appeared a year ago, and has been passed over and forgotten by the very groups which should have considered it most carefully. The New Deal, of course, dropped it like a hot cake, though it came from one of their own number. It was Mordecai Ezekiel who worked out this plan of "industrial adjustment" in his book "$2500 a Year."

The Ezekiel plan offers a way of solving the unemployment problem by stepping up production to capacity. It solves the problem of booms and depressions by imposing balanced planning of industrial output and consumers' income. No plan of course can be considered a panacea. This plan will not by itself solve all our troubles, but it may offer a method of gradually substituting a planned economy for capitalist chaos.

In the belief that progressives must tackle the problems which the New Deal for various reasons cannot or will not, the Commonwealth Federation of New York is going to hold hearings on the Ezekiel plan and other far-reaching problems at a two-day conference, April 17 and 18. This conference. "The Commonwealth Congress for Progressive Social Legislation," is to be held at the Meeting House of the Society for Ethical Culture in New York City, under the general caption: "After the Supreme Court—What?" Readers of The New Republic who feel that intelligent progressives cannot at this time remain mere prophets of doom, but must offer constructive leadership, will be welcome.

Alfred M. Bingham, Secretary,
New York City. American Commonwealth Federation.

Forerunners of Ethiopia

SIR: Mr. Bliven's letter to Marshal Graziani [The New Republic, March 31] will win the approval of all right-thinking Americans. How unkind of that Italian to put to death, by shooting, 1,600 Ethiopians as a measure of reprisal against their attempt to assassinate him. The attempts of Latin nations to succeed as colonizers is a scandal. The same goes for Germans and Dutchmen. Everyone knows what the Belgians did in the Congo.

Only Americans and English can colonize kindly. We have Democracy. The way French and Spaniards put the Indians to the stake in the Americas is—in our history books. When our fathers came to this continent they submitted humbly to the massacres of ferocious redmen up to the time of Custer's last stand. See it in the movies.

Don't believe that story about the Sepoy mutiny, either. The idea of tying Hindus to the mouths of cannon as a means of stopping cannon balls fired by our English cousins is a lie, probably spread by that crazed brute—Mussolini.

Boston, Mass. J. V. Healy.

[Mr. Healy's letter, and several other similar ones we have received, are apparently based on the notion that one must not write about what the Italians did in Ethiopia without also mentioning all the similar misdeeds of other nations during the past few hundred years, and the parallel idea that one wrong justifies another. I dispute both theories.—B. B.]

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The New Attack on the Indians

SIR: The American Indian Defense Association and the National Association on Indian Affairs join in protesting the attack now starting in the Senate against the whole structure of Indian protection and Indian rights, headed by Senator Burton K. Wheeler's bill (S. 1736) to repeal the Indian Reorganization Act of June 18, 1934. This law is the culmination of more than ten years of study and struggle by friends of the Indian within and without the government.

In view of Senator Wheeler's whole record in Indian affairs, his action is incomprehensible. The Indian Reorganization Act was introduced by him, and was in part the result of a long investigation by a subcommittee of which he was chairman.

Briefly, the law as it stands provides that Indian land losses must stop. (Since 1887, 90,000,000 Indian acres have passed into white ownership, and a large part of the remainder so placed that the owners are forced to lease it to whites.) The law requires conservation of timber, grass, soil and water on Indian lands. It starts putting landless Indians back on land for subsistence. It provides for advanced schooling and gives the Indians preference in employment in their own Indian Service. It sets up a credit fund for Indian self-help. It gives the tribes a moderate amount of local self-government, a veto power over leasing and disposal of their natural resources and expenditures of their moneys held in trust by the government ($500,000,000 of tribal trust funds have been dissipated since 1887). It gives them a voice in regard to federal appropriations for Indian benefit. It gives organized tribes the right to defend their own rights in court.

The Reorganization Act gives each tribe the oppotrunity to decide by vote whether or not it shall apply to that tribe—a right of choice never previously accorded. Out of 230 tribes, 170 have chosen to come under this law.

From time to time we must expect attacks by predatory whites upon these protections and rights, so long as the Indian retains any property at all. If the original American race is to have any hope for the future, such attacks must be successfully opposed, and this we intend to do.

HAVEN EMERSON, M. D., President,
American Indian Defense Association.
OLIVER LA FARGE, President,
New York City. National Association on Indian Affairs.

If This Be Treason

SIR: In a recent article in The New York Herald Tribune, Mr. Walter Lippmann made a remarkable statement to the effect that if members of the administration believed the charges they have made against certain members of the Supreme Court, they should try to have them impeached. Mr. Lippmann professes great concern over some possible future tampering with the Bill of Rights. Apparently Mr. Lippmann considers the present Court independent and non-political. Since three members of the present Court have upheld wire-tapping as a means of enforcing the Volstead Act, in spite of the fact that three other members of the present Court dissented on the ground that they thereby violated the Fourth and Fifth Amendments of the Bill of Rights, I would like to know whether Mr. Lippmann considers that grounds for impeachment. And if not, just when does doubt become reasonable?

As one American citizen who considers the civil liberties granted me by the Constitution of greater value than any possible material advantage, I believe that any judge who violates those liberties is guilty of such bad behavior as to be disqualified from sitting on the Supreme Court or any other court.

New York City. MARIAN G. GOULD.

From The New Republic Mail Bag

The flurry of opposition to the official plans for the proposed Jefferson Memorial in Potomac Park, Washington, D. C., is now reaching hurricane proportions. The American Sculptors' Society calls the design a "sham." Josiah P. Marvel, of New York City, uses such words as "un-American" and "flatulent," while Designers of Shelter in America speak of "wasteful ostentation" and "cultural stagnation." The members of the staff of the School of Architecture of Columbia University especially deplore the fact that no open competition was held to choose a plan.

Several readers report excellent reception of the new short-wave radio station in Madrid, EAQ No. 2 (31.65 meters wave length), although the time of the broadcasts in English by newspaper correspondents seems to vary. The latest schedule lists broadcasts at 9 P.M. on Tuesdays and Fridays and at 8 P.M. on Mondays, all Eastern Standard Time. . . . Ellen Blake writes that the League of American Writers, 125 East Twenty-fourth Street, New York City, is preparing an anthology of the balladry of the civil war in Spain, and will welcome the assistance of writers, particularly poets, who have a knowledge of Spanish and English. . . . A correspondent in New Brunswick, New Jersey, informs us that the showing of the film, "Spain in Flames," was prohibited in that city and he thinks the ban was due to pressure exerted by the Catholic Church. . . . The Anti-Fascist Literature Committee, 1457 Broadway, New York City, is raising a fund for medical supplies for the loyalist government forces in Spain.

Joseph P. Lash, national secretary of the American Student Union, informs us that student rallies will take place simultaneously in 150 colleges at noon on April 13 to support President Roosevelt's Supreme Court proposal. . . . C. R. Shaver, of Dakota, Illinois, wants President Roosevelt to carry out his original pledge to reduce governmental expenses, and wants it done by cutting salaries of all federal officials, particularly in the higher brackets.

David Levinson, the American attorney who attempted to aid in the legal defense of Luis Carlos Prestes and Arthur Ewert in Brazil, thanks us for the friendly editorial paragraph about the case in our issue of March 3, but says that we erred in using the word "deported." He says the Brazilian authorities forced him to leave the country, but this was not actually a deportation because his mission was recognized as legitimate and he was at no time arrested or held in detention. Mr. Levinson thinks the Vargas dictatorship is one of the most oppressive in Latin America and he says the people of Brazil need all possible help in their struggle to regain a democratic form of government.

Agricultural workers are notoriously hard to organize, but John R. Baker reports from San Francisco that the job actually is being accomplished on the Pacific Coast. After great pressure had been exerted, the California State Federation of Labor finally called a conference of agricultural workers and unions in all lines. The Federation attempted to impose a program controlled from the top, says Mr. Baker, but the rank and file repudiated the proffered plan of organization and are now energetically forming an inclusive agricultural union, democratically controlled.

What's on the Air?

William Green, president of the A.F. of L., discusses social security. Saturday, April 10, 2:15 P.M., CBS.

Professors of the University of Chicago participate in the weekly round-table discussions of current affairs. This program recently was named by the Women's National Radio Committee as the best educational program on the air. Every Sunday, 12:30 to 1 P.M., NBC-Red Network.

Archibald MacLeish's dramatic poem written especially for radio, "The Fall of the City," is presented by the Columbia Workshop under the direction of Irving Reis. Sunday, April 11, 7 P.M., CBS.

Thomas Mann, German novelist and winner of the Nobel prize, talks on literature and politics. Dr. Alvin Johnson, of the New School for Social Research, introduces him. Tuesday, April 13, 7:45 to 8 P.M., NBC-Blue Network.

President Roosevelt and Secretary of State Hull are the principal speakers on a Pan-American Day program. Wednesday, April 14, 11 to 11:30 A.M., NBC-Blue Network.

Musical events of the week include the spring and summer series of promenade concerts with symphony orchestra and soloists at the new broadcasting time of 8 to 9 P.M. on Sunday evenings over the NBC-Blue Network; the Philadelphia Orchestra, conducted by Leopold Stokowski, on Friday evenings, 10 to 10:30 P.M., CBS; and a special trans-Atlantic broadcast of an all-Brahms memorial program from Vienna on Wednesday, April 14, 2 to 2:30 P.M., NBC-Red Network.

All times given are Eastern Standard.

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Men and Principles

Léon Blum: From Poet to Premier, by Richard L. Stokes. New York: Coward-McCann. 289 pages. $3.

COMMISSIONED to France by an American newspaper, Mr. Stokes discovered a curious "discrepancy" between the "preëminent importance" of the present "master of France" and "the lack of available information" concerning his personality and career. Nobody seemed interested in the details of Léon Blum's existence. At the headquarters of the French Socialist Party, the inquiring journalist was told that "principles count, not men." Unabashed by this solemn declaration, Mr. Stokes went diligently to work, and as a result we have this biography of the first Socialist Premier of France. The author's political comments are often disarmingly naïve (as when he suggests that socialism is but "another form of social injustice —that is to say, organized favoritism on behalf of the masses"); but his account of the facts is honest, well documented and vividly written.

What we call "character" in a political personality may mean two different things. In one sense this word suggests a man whose private life is one with his public life, whose individual forces are absorbed in a historic purpose. In another sense, it seems that modern Liberal statesmen retain "character" in the exact measure as they retain a private life distinct from their official activities. Léon Blum certainly has more in common with the second group than with the first. In many respects his career followed a pattern typical in modern France. He was born in 1872, in a well-to-do Jewish family. From his early years he manifested great gifts of intelligence. Like other young men of his milieu, he first tried his talents as a poet, but soon gave up. "Though he is sensitive to poetry," said his schoolmate André Gide, "his is the most anti-poetic head that I know." Léon Blum then became a dramatic critic. He also studied jurisprudence and obtained a position in the Council of State. During the Dreyfus affair he was converted to the idealistic variety of socialism represented by Jaurès; but until 1914, Blum's passion for social justice remained theoretical; he was active mainly in the field of literature. He wrote a book on the problems of modern marriage, wherein he proposed solutions that later were advocated by Bertrand Russell and Judge Lindsey. The Fabian bent of his mind is also visible in another of his essays where he uses the figure of Goethe's Faust to symbolize peaceful social evolution, while Mephistopheles is the mouthpiece of revolutionary methods. His most important work of that period is a treatise that he wrote on Stendhal, "a work of pure literature, unstained by doctrine."

When, in August, 1914, Jaurès had been murdered by a Rightist fanatic, Léon Blum underwent a "cataclysm of the heart." At the bier of his beloved master he vowed to devote all his energies to further socialism. This second phase of his conversion, however, did not mean a change of ideas, or a deeper identification with the masses. It meant that practical politics were henceforth to become Blum's chief occupation. During the War he occupied an important post in the Ministry of Public Works, then held by a Socialist. In 1919 he was elected deputy; in 1920, when the French Socialists joined Lenin's International, Blum belonged to the minority that seceded and formed the present French section of the Second International. In 1924 he became president of that party. Between 1924 and 1936, Léon Blum, in daily activities in his party and in Parliament, perfected his great gifts as a conciliator and parliamentary tactician. The People's Front victory in 1936 "caught him unawares": in fact the Socialist Party—who reaped the greatest benefits of this victory—had joined the People's Front with reluctance.

In June 1936 Léon Blum was installed as Premier. In a few weeks, spurred by a powerful wave of strikes, his Cabinet advanced France's social legislation by several decades. To this brief and glorious period, during which he was actually guided by the will of the people, Léon Blum owes most of his glamor. France then seemed to be at the spearhead of the fight against fascism; to many persons it looked as if the long expected leader, able to realize true democracy by Faustian evolution, had at last come to life. Suddenly, in July, the civil war broke out in Spain. The dreams came to an end.

French "neutrality" toward loyalist Spain has been justified in several ways: there was British pressure; Blum's majority was not homogeneous; there was danger of war, etc. Yet Léon Blum's personal responsibility is beyond question. In his strategic position he could have fought, and, at the least, obtained a useful delay in the application of the unprecedented policy of blockading a friendly and legal government. Instead, this "statesman of world stature, subtle, tenacious and intrepid" (this is Mr. Stokes's opinion) forgot his great love for justice and used all his subtlety in inventing excuses for an inexcusable surrender to fascism. His error gave new heart to French fascism, and now Blum is forced to maneuver in order to retain power. The future consequences of his actions are as yet difficult to foresee; despite everything he may stay for a long time. But one fact is already clear: European democracy—and incidentally the fate of Blum's own "experiment" —rests not so much on his statesmanship as on the bayonets of the Spanish militia whom he betrayed to Mussolini.

NORBERT GUTERMAN.

Without Cherry Blossoms

Japan's Feet of Clay, by Freda Utley. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. 393 pages. $3.75.

The March of Japan, by Edgar Lajtha. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 288 pages. $3.

"JAPAN'S FEET OF CLAY" is an indignant book, written with a fierce common sense that calls the bluff of Japan, and calls it with facts and figures many of which were personally gathered by Miss Utley during two years spent in Japan (1928-29). No informed observer will quarrel with the main economic facts presented. That Japan has performed her industrial and military exploits on a shoestring of capital is evident to anyone who takes the trouble to look at the figures. Japan is deficient in the "bread-and-butter" of industry—oil, coal and iron—the lack of which her highly developed hydro-electric energy can only partially balance. She must import cotton for her vital textile industry, as well as chemical fertilizers, salt, lead, zinc, tin and so on. She even imports rice, which represents some 62 percent of her national diet. Her basic wealth in raw silk was hard hit by the world depression, and her growing rayon industry must import most of its wood pulp. She is a poor nation whose per-capita income works out at about $54, and her capital "has been squeezed out and concentrated in the ownership of the state, and of a few big banks, or family trusts. . . ."

Japan's one rich natural resource has been, and is, the low material standard of living of her masses based on a social organization surviving from feudal times. The

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"family system" and the confusion of superstitions, loyalties and duties have combined to make the Japanese the most malleable of workers. The often repeated description of the Japanese masses as "happy, enthusiastic and intelligent" drives Miss Utley into a well documented rage. The peasants are actually no better than serfs, yielding half of their small annual crop in kind to an absentee landlord, dependent for subsidiary income on the raising of silk, or some other home industry, and so hard driven that to sell a daughter to a brothel or contract her to a mill is the rule rather than the exception. Japanese industry has accomplished its miracles by paying fantastically low wages, by exploiting the daughters of starving peasants in the textile mills—housing them in dormitories and paying them an average of twenty-seven cents daily—and by keeping the workshops so small that they escape the wage, hour and health restrictions of the factory law, which applies only to enterprises employing ten or more. The bulk of Japan's export trade comes from tiny shops and crowded homes where the whole family, employed for long hours, earns a few cents a day.

Miss Utley analyzes the political and social structure of Japan and paints a dark picture of concentration of power in the hands of the ruling cliques, of cynical corruption, of ruthless suppression of labor organization or any freedom of expression. As an economist she looks at the development of modern Japan in terms of England since the sixteenth century. In such an analysis the concentration of capital in the hands of the ruling groups has prevented the rise of a middle class of manufacturers, has prevented the industralization and westernization of Japan, has kept down wages and has prevented the rise of an effective bourgeois opposition to the State. In the opinion of Miss Utley this condition is one of the chief weaknesses of the Japanese structure. The mass of petty bourgeois who are unable to rise from their low economic level hate both capitalism and communism and, with the overtaxed landowners, are the bulwark of the military aggression in China. The inelasticity of such a system makes the unrest of the peasantry and the petty bourgeois a volcano that may burst out in revolution at any time.

The book unquestionably presents and documents a point of view that is important and should destroy many of the current misconceptions about Japan. Yet Miss Utley's neglect of certain elements and emphasis upon others results in a final distortion. Her canvas is unqualifiedly gloomy. It is dark night in Japan and all the cats are black. Her impatience with the government propaganda that presents the Japanese as a moon-gazing esthete unconcerned with the crass materialism of the West has led her to ignore those incontrovertible factors in the Japanese way of life that make it relatively satisfactory for the average Japanese (except in times of actual famine) as long as he is not rendered psychologically insecure by the conflicts produced by actual contact with the ideas and habits of the alien Western culture. There is no space here to consider those factors, but the Westernization and industrialization of Japan, and the creation of home markets for industrial products, would require a reconditioning of the masses, perhaps for generations. At the present level of Japan's resources it is doubtful if she could afford it.

A second point at which Miss Utley may be challenged by an American reviewer is in her conclusion. Perhaps unintentionally, she has placed herself among those numerous folk who believe that the function of America is to make the world safe for the British Empire, and she calls upon the United States to collaborate with Great Britain in an economic boycott now to stop Japan before she "may one day forge for herself feet of iron instead of feet of clay." In this statement, Miss Utley has unwittingly given another screw to those psychological factors which are so important in Japan and which she ignores. Decisive in the dynamics of modern Japan is the fear of colonization. That fear has never subsided since the gunboats of Perry opened the door, nor will it subside so long as it is possible to point out, as Miss Utley does, that "a brief period of collaboration between England and the U.S.A." is all that is necessary "to make Japan collapse in a few weeks." With thoughts like this to taunt her, Japan will obviously go as far as she can and as fast as she can. America would be well advised to leave the final solution with the masses of the Japanese and the Chinese, where it belongs.

Mr. Lajtha's book, "The March of Japan," is all cherry blossoms despite its ominous jacket. It is a chatty traveler's account of impressions in Japan and Manchukuo, touching on such things Japanese as the tea ceremony, flower arrangement, the Yoshiwara, the Geisha, coal miners who seem very happy, and textile girls who don't look especially happy but who are after all protected and will marry soon. Mr. Lajtha has been content to stay close to the attractive surface of Japan, of which he gives a pleasant account. The forty-one photographic illustrations are excellent.

HELEN MEARS.

Column Left

Change the World! by Michael Gold. New York: International Publishers. 272 pages. $2.

WHEN Mike Gold climbed on the journalistic treadmill to turn out a column for each morning's issue of The Daily Worker, he gave that highly impersonal newspaper a department to which even the most hard-shelled of his party comrades turned first. For his column, from which this volume gets its name, provided The Daily for a year or so with those condiments of human color and personality which the regular Spartan diet offered by the official organ of the Communist Party (U.S.A.) so decidedly lacked. About fifty of these columns, together with a few contributions to The New Masses, have been gathered in the present volume for those who missed them when they were originally published or who wish to reread them.

Like Mike Gold himself, who wears his convictions in his hat like a police card, the columns or essays do not argue with you, they tell you. Removed from their native habitat they stand pretty solidly on their own pediments, though many of them give obvious signs of having been hammered out when the crest of a deadline was heaving dangerously close. However, it is fascinating to watch the energy and fervor with which Mike Gold works, even when he is merely shoving around large weather-beaten slabs of party doctrine.

It is probably unnecessary to add that the best columns reprinted in the volume are those which concern people rather than ideas; for Mike Gold, who is inherently a novelist, does his most serious thinking in terms of people, much as a sculptor does his thinking in terms of stone. Few writers in this country can take a fall out of a fellow author with such grace and enthusiasm and few can write about the disinherited with deeper anger or more hard-headed compassion. And those columns in this book which are most alive are those in which his gifts as a novelist are most apparent.

SLATER BROWN.

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Witches and Apple Blossoms

Gallows Hill, by Frances Winwar. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $2.50.

THE WITCH mania in Salem was the last chapter in the story of Puritan supremacy in Massachusetts. The ministers engaged themselves, with a wild fanaticism, in frustrating the "plot of the Devil against New England." The belief in witchcraft was rooted in old European tradition; it was likewise a logical development of straitjacket conditions of life in the new country. With the loss of that superstition, the leadership of the clergy was ended forever. In northeastern Massachusetts in 1692 one hundred and fifty persons were imprisoned, and twenty-nine put to death. Over such a canvas, lurid, and frightful, Miss Winwar has laced apple blossoms, reminding us that spring was sweet and love would bloom. Employing the actual figures named in the archives, she contrives her effects with some imagination. At the beginning a storm blows up, and "When the sun rose again a gravestone from the burial-ground was found under the huddled leaves at the forest's edge." Another suggestive note is struck with the next episode's ending: "On the counter the cat was purring, licking the pitcher Cotton Mather had not emptied." She tells of such interesting details as the women's explorations of each other for "witches' teats," of how a child's doll was misinterpreted as the bristle-stuck image of a victim, of the despicable sophistry of the illegal court. The trouble is, her source material reaches beyond the frame she has devised to bound it; it remains more dramatic than her story. As so often in historical fiction, the records come to lesser ends than they deserve.

HAZEL HAWTHORNE.

Mr. Wells in Arcadia

The Anatomy of Frustration, by H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Company. 225 pages. $2.

The Croquet Player, by H. G. Wells. New York: The Viking Press. $1.25.

"THE ANATOMY OF FRUSTRATION" purports to be Mr. Wells's abstract of and comment upon the copious writings of William Burroughs Steele, American scientist, industrialist and internationalist. Mr. Steele, who is remarkably like what Mr. Wells would have wished to be in one of his existences, has set himself the task of redoing for modern times Robert Burton's famous analysis of melancholy, but he does not feel that a harsher word than frustration is applicable to the plight of man today. Natural resources properly handled can supply plenty; personal emotional difficulties can be solved by intelligent and encyclopedic analysis and examination; social maladjustments can be resolved by an active, international alliance of men of good will. Basically, Mr. Steele-Wells believes, the world today is frustrated by the conflict of man's undisciplined, irrational and destructive unconscious with his disciplined, rational and constructive conscious mind. Man knows that there should be intelligent world planning, that war is futile, that conflicting philosophies can be resolved amicably, but man's heritage from *homo Neanderthalensis* still lurks in the subconscious and, frequently rising to the fore, upsets rational attempts to found Utopia. When this conflict has been resolved by proper education, man's essentially unanimous urge for a better life will come to the front and produce a "world community of candid individuals, thinking freely, 'liberal socialist,' at once experimental and devoted, intensely themselves and mystically united."

This is a very nice idea, but, as in all his utopian writings, Mr. Wells has jumped the time immediately to come, in his haste to escape into the more congenial atmosphere of the distant future. It is of course true that Mr. Wells has outgrown his use of a fourth-dimensional machine to get himself into this congenial atmosphere, but he still refuses to trace a practicable and believable program which will lead him into his new world. The blurb's promise—"the practical thinker sees a fuller and happier phase of life almost within our grasp"—inclines one to believe that Mr. Wells has at last decided to tackle the problem of how one reaches a more perfect world, but the book itself scarcely bears out this intimation of practicality.

What one finds here, as always, is an almost entire neglect of the necessity for a realistic consideration of the contemporary situation, a tendency to solve difficulties by overlooking them. What superficially viewed seems like a credible plan no longer seems credible when one considers the problems Mr. Wells fails to touch upon. How, for example, does he expect to avoid the cataclysm not obscurely threatened by Mussolini's violent assertions of Italy's military strength, by Hitler's wistful phrases about the desirability of Russia's natural resources? By an educational program controlled by fascist dictators?

Yet, though Mr. Wells seems at times to be carrying Emerson's dictum to its illogical conclusion that inconsistency is the virtue of large minds, though he frequently appears to be writing in a social vacuum and leaping without much care for his means of propulsion, "The Anatomy of Frustration" is in most respects superior to any of Mr. Wells's work save the "Experiment in Autobiography" and his early scientific romances. His skillful adaptation of the double-vision technique wherein a man comments upon his own philosophy (a device borrowed from Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus") enables him to avoid the dull tedium of such a tract-novel as "Marriage." He gives us many brilliant, if unintegrated, comments on modern education, sex, Freudian psychology and the use of violence. He is intelligently critical of the League and has some valid (as well as many invalid) things to say about the politics of the Left.

Mr. Wells's most recent bit, "The Croquet Player," is a footnote, in the form of his early scientific romances, to a basic idea in the "Anatomy"—that the world today is frustrated by a subconsciously lurking heritage from primitive man. The innocuous and amiable Croquet Player (the best in England) is confronted by Dr. Finchatton, who unfolds a ghost tale with psychopathological trappings that upsets his pleasant indifferentism. In Cairnsmarsh, so the doctor says, the spirits of paleolithic man are afoot, urging men to reckless violence, causing them to bash dogs' heads in, beat their wives, murder their friends, distrust everyone. The psychotherapeutist Dr. Norbert explains this ghost story as a madman's fable, fabricated as a means of escape from the brutal factionalism of a world in which there are such atrocities as the bombing of children in Spain. But the pathologist is himself infected, and even the mild Croquet Player can no longer overlook front-page horrors before turning to his favorite crossword puzzle.

Like Dr. Finchatton Mr. Wells overlooks the historical causes for this rebirth of violence. Like Dr. Norbert he seems to be shouting somewhat overloudly that we must all face reality or go mad, without adequately realizing the nature of reality. It seems that the author of "The Health, Wealth and Happiness of Mankind" has himself been driven to escape into a world of fable.

HARVEY CURTIS WEBSTER.

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Whitman as He Was Not

Whitman, by Edgar Lee Masters. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 342 pages. $3.50.

THE WRITING of this big book on Walt Whitman cannot have been a very congenial job to Mr. Masters. Certainly his peculiar powers as a writer are not very evidently at work in it, and the result is a good deal of a disappointment. At every turn one gets the impression that the subject was essentially distasteful or at any rate unexciting to Mr. Masters, and that it could hardly be put behind him too quickly. Only that, surely, can explain, among other things, the extraordinary proportion of the book made up of direct and sometimes very long quotations from Whitman's prose—most of it easily available to the ordinary reader—and from works such as Traubel's published diary. The art of citation, a difficult one certainly, has seldom been illustrated so imperfectly.

Perhaps the same cause lies behind some of the other oddities of the book. There are singular lapses from biographical accuracy of the superficial sort. George Whitman was ten years younger than his famous brother, not ten years older. West Hills is a good deal more than twenty miles from Brooklyn, and I doubt whether Whitman ever —not to say "frequently"—walked the distance between them. "Franklin Evans" was published not in The Democratic Review but in The New World. And there are other slips of this sort. On a different level, there are curiosities of statement that baffle the inquiring reader. How can Mr. Masters or any human being declare so unreservedly as he does that Whitman was "never" in love with a woman? What can it mean to say that during his few months in New Orleans Whitman acted "all the while like a peasant boy twelve years old," or that "Drum-Taps" and "Passage to India" are "the songs of a soul which has betaken itself to the hills," or that after 1873 Whitman not only had "torture of body," "he had torture of mind all along"? How are we to reconcile the statement that Whitman's newspaper articles early in the war "are the product of a slack hand, a lazy and inert mind," with the statement that "to call Whitman an idler is to overlook his tremendous activity of mind"? And if a biographer is to maintain that "in point of fact Whitman invented no form," he ought surely to amplify so debatable a judgment in a way Mr. Masters quite fails to do.

Disconcerting as they are, however, both the mistakes of fact and the eccentricities of taste could easily be forgiven Mr. Masters if at the same time he added substantially to our understanding of Whitman's nature as a man, of his relation to the life of his time or of his art. Yet there is no note here of psychological interpretation that has not often been struck and sometimes far more clearly by other biographers and critics. Aside from some remarks about Thomas Jefferson, in a familiar vein, and a few angry paragraphs on the moral and social decay that followed the Civil War, Mr. Masters nowhere digs below the surface of American history in Whitman's day for the roots of Whitman's thought and feeling: his own nostalgic and rather bitter Jeffersonianism is no doubt, for one thing, an obstacle. What Mr. Masters' considered and final estimate of Whitman as a poet may be, I should not find it easy to say. He comes nearest to such an estimate, perhaps, in the oddly pragmatic conclusion that, since Whitman was the poet of the American adventure, his greatness as a writer depends not on the power and the spell of his verse but on the ultimate success of that adventure. "If

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America fails he fails; and the defects of his performance in that case become more evident." Those defects, even while we wait, must be very serious. "For as things stand, when we read Whitman's declarations that he would sing the songs of America, we are compelled to say for the most part, 'very well, go ahead, we are listening.'" Listening, perhaps, but not with the utmost acuteness.

NEWTON ARVIN.

Uncle Sam Belongs at Home

A Diplomatic History of the United States, by Samuel Flagg Bemis. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 893 pages. $5.

PROFESSOR Bemis is more than a little impatient with those who, with seductive phrases like "world power" and "coming of age," urge the United States to take its "proper place" in international affairs. He believes that our "proper place," to the exclusion of all others, is the continent of North America; and that we occupied it with notable success from colonial times until, roughly, 1898. Since then have occurred our most egregious, perhaps our only, mistakes in foreign policy. Of these Professor Bemis presents an imposing list with forceful rhetorical flourishes. There were, to mention a few, the "adolescent irresponsibility" and the "great aberration" which marked the Spanish-American War and its trail of territorial acquisition; the "whole grandiose and sentimental floriation" of the Open Door; the irresponsible foreign policy of Theodore Roosevelt, who enjoyed the "exhilaration of mounting the new American steed of World Power" and whose actions, along with "vainglorious boasts *ex post facto*," destroyed the good reputation of the United States in Latin America and elsewhere; the "diplomatic ineptitude" (to put it mildly) of *unconditional* entry into the World War, when the Allies could have been required to pay almost any price Woodrow Wilson chose to name; the blundering and insulting Immigration Act of 1924, which has poisoned our relations with Japan.

This is no ordinary milk-and-water treatise. It is not ivy-clad or moss-grown history. The author has a thesis to defend, and he defends it with spirit and vigor. More than half of the volume is a critical account, almost an indictment, of American foreign policy since 1898. The first half is a more conventional, but certainly the most satisfactory, history of American diplomacy now available. One can disagree with details of this book, but one cannot read it without frequent arching of the eyebrows. For example, after examining in detail the story of the "Lusitania," Professor Bemis poses the question "whether the British government purposely exposed to attack the 'Lusitania' and other British passenger vessels carrying American citizens, in order to lead the Germans on to a rash act which might bring the United States into the War," and concludes merely that "the truth probably never will be known whether the British and French governments deliberately exposed these ships for high diplomatic stakes." Coming from an able and informed scholar this sort of Socratic inquiry is likely to upset the equilibrium of patriots on both sides of the Atlantic.

Although Professor Bemis apparently favored joining the League of Nations in 1920, he feels now that there was something almost providential in the partisan feud which kept us out. (Henry Cabot Lodge is not thereby canonized.) He believes that with full allowance for Smoot-Hawleyism and other economic mistakes of its own making, the United States has been badly let down on the war

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debts; after examining the balance of payments and the international flow of capital, he concludes that lack of good will rather than exchange and currency difficulties accounts for default.

Like many others surveying the scene here and abroad, Professor Bemis believes that the continental foreign policy of Washington and the other Founding Fathers was and is fundamentally sound. To depart from it is to invite trouble. Those who think otherwise have here a formidable antagonist who cannot be blithely brushed aside.

EDWARD MEAD EARLE.

Low Company

Angels in Undress, by Mark Benney. New York: Random House. 321 pages. $2.50.

THIS RATHER astonishing chronicle, which appeared and was riotously greeted in England under the title of "Low Company," is supposed to be the autobiography of a burglar, the son of a prostitute, born into the London underworld in 1910. The author's criminal exploits obtained him the advantages of an education at the various reform schools and prisons he had occasion to visit. At the age of sixteen he was already an accomplished crook; and this book was apparently written during or just after Mr. Benney's last imprisonment, a three-year sentence for burglary. Whether or not the story is true doesn't matter a rap. Like the eighteenth-century accounts of low life, Mr. Benney's story is unusual enough to be incredible and at the same time sufficiently detailed, referential and, one might add, self-complacent to be believed. His picture of the underworld is astonishingly vivid and full of eccentric characters. Mr. Benney (if, indeed, Benney did all) has not only got style, he has also an acute eye and a flair for presenting character. His portrait of his prostitute mother is tremendously convincing, and all his people are well observed, except possibly the barman, Louis, with his epigrams and classical references, who seems too much of a good thing. At any rate, for a couple of hundred pages the book reads like a good novel: then it begins to read like a bad novel: finally it peters out with some uninteresting philosophizing and a piece of wretched poetry. Mr. Benney is at his best when he is describing direct experience: but he becomes increasingly dull as he attempts to reflect upon it. Superficially, it is a brilliant, witty book. Its absolute lack of feeling compels belief that it is actually the genuine literary expression of a criminal.

MICHAEL SAYERS.

New Books: A Reader's List

LIVING AGAIN, by Felix Riesenberg (Doubleday, Doran; $3). The account of a remarkable life—Middle West boyhood, the training ship, cruises as seaman, mate and master; with Wellman to the Arctic, then through Columbia University; engineer and inspector for New York City, in command of the USS "Newport"; subsequently editor, journalist, good companion. But the writing is factual and jerky, less what happened than "happenings," more Names than people, etc. So the life is much more admirable and exciting than the book.

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THE STORY OF SECRET SERVICE, by Richard Wilmer Rowan (Doubleday, Doran; $3.50). A world history of spies by a man who is not only an authority in his field (secret-service work in the War led him to subsequent wide research), but pretty sound on its relation to general history. Both a complete reference book and compendium of what-I-never-knew-till-now, with twenty-nine line cuts and no index.

ALL GOOD AMERICANS, by Jerome Bahr (Scribner's; $2.50). A book of stories about some lovable and unself-conscious characters from the Polish, German, Scandinavian sections of a Wisconsin town. The people are moved by the proper universals—love, liquor, the church, the day's work—but this fair observation of their behavior in the unclear turmoil of recent national experience places their main importance in the field of social history. The stories are readable, workmanlike and good American—which represents neither an everyday achievement nor an event. Hemingway, with apparent reluctance, does a 396-word introduction.

BEAT TO QUARTERS, by C. S. Forester (Little, Brown; $2.50). A story of strange adventure, featuring an English frigate, a crazy jungle emperor, the Spanish (ca. 1800), a lady, and a naval battle that is a monument of soundly built detail. The figure of the captain is large and a trifle unlikely, the love angle a complete misfortune; but the constant play and elaboration of nautical procedure should make a sailor's delight.

Contributors

HENRY C. WOLFE, writer and lecturer on European affairs, spends several months of each year in Central Europe.

MAURICE HINDUS has written numerous books and articles dealing with the Soviet Union, the books including "Red Bread," "Broken Earth" and "The Great Offensive." His most recent work is "Moscow Skies," published last fall by Random House.

PAUL ROSENFELD, the author of a novel, "The Boy in the Sun," and numerous books and pieces of musical and other esthetic criticism, is now completing a second novel.

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